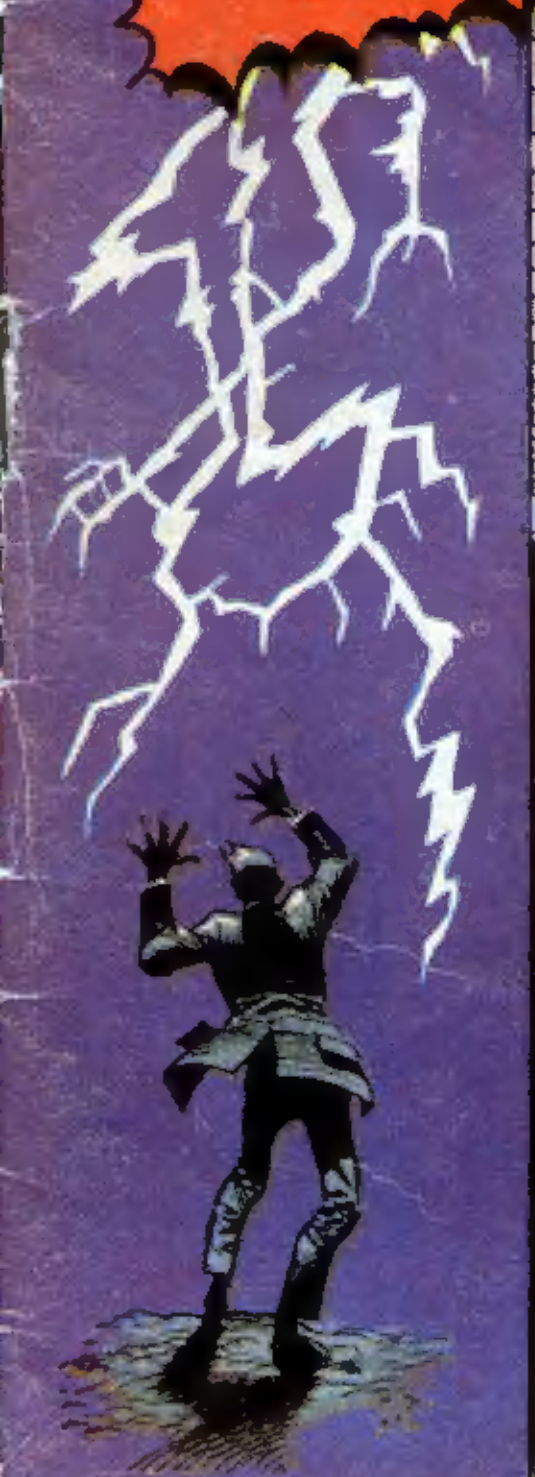
TALES DESIGNED TO CARRY AN...

IMPACT

NO. 1
APRIL

10¢

Introducing a
"NEW DIRECTION"
IN MAGAZINES...
AN ENTIRELY NOVEL AND UNIQUE KIND OF READING EXPERIENCE!



This magazine, "IMPACT," is the first of five E.C. "New Direction" publications. And to it, your Editors have entrusted a cherished tradition here at E.C.

When our old "New Trend" magazines first appeared on the newsstands throughout the country back in late '49 and early '50, their popularity was immediately acclaimed. Sales zoomed. We at E.C. had struck at the hearts of the Comic reading public. But the question was: How? Success is a strange prenomenon. There is no formula. What is a fad today is passé tomorrow. What had we at E.C. done to merit the marvelous support you, our readers, gave us and continued to give us?

The answer, to our way of thinking, was that we respected you, our public! We respected your tastes, your judgment, your standards, and, above all, your intelligence. We tried something new in comics. We used only the best art work available. We used the clearest lettering. And, most important, we wrote what we felt were stories worthy of being read. We plotted carefully. We developed the "Caption-Balloon" method of narration. And, because we ourselves had always liked it, we tried, wherever possible, to include a "surprise" or "snap" ending to each story.

The end products were magazines that entertained you. We know you liked them because you bought them, month after month, year after year, continually giving E.C. the highest percentage sales in Independent Distribution.

Even as time went on, and the subject matter of some of our old "New Trend" magazines became a topic of debate, criticism, and censure, the quality standards we had set in the beginning were diligently adhered to.

Now, many of our old "New Trend" magazines are dead, voluntarily buried by William Gaines, their publisher, in response to public opinion.

But it was not the standards of entertainment we'd set in those magazines that were buried . . . merely the subject matter! The policy of giving you the very best art work and the very best stories humanly possible will continue in our "New Direction" mags.

And to our very first effort . . . to "Impact" . . . we have entrusted our most cherished tradition . . . THE SURPRISE ENDING! Yes, "Impact" will be a magazine devoted to the unexpected outcome, the twist, the snap wind-up. And into these "Impact" stories will be entwined another tradition at E.C. . . . EMOTION. We hope to stir your deepest feelings with these stories of pathos, tragedy, comedy, love and hate . . . the whole gamut of human emotions.

As is also traditional at E.C., we, the Editors, for this first issue, have taken over what in the future will be *your* space . . . *your* letter page in "Impact." Write us and tell us what you think. Criticize, compliment, suggest. You're our guide. We want, as always, to please *you!* We'll print all of your letters that we can in "The Punch Bowl" in our third issue. Thanks for listening.

The Editors
Impact
Room 706, Dept. 1
225 Lafayette St.
New York City 12, N. Y.

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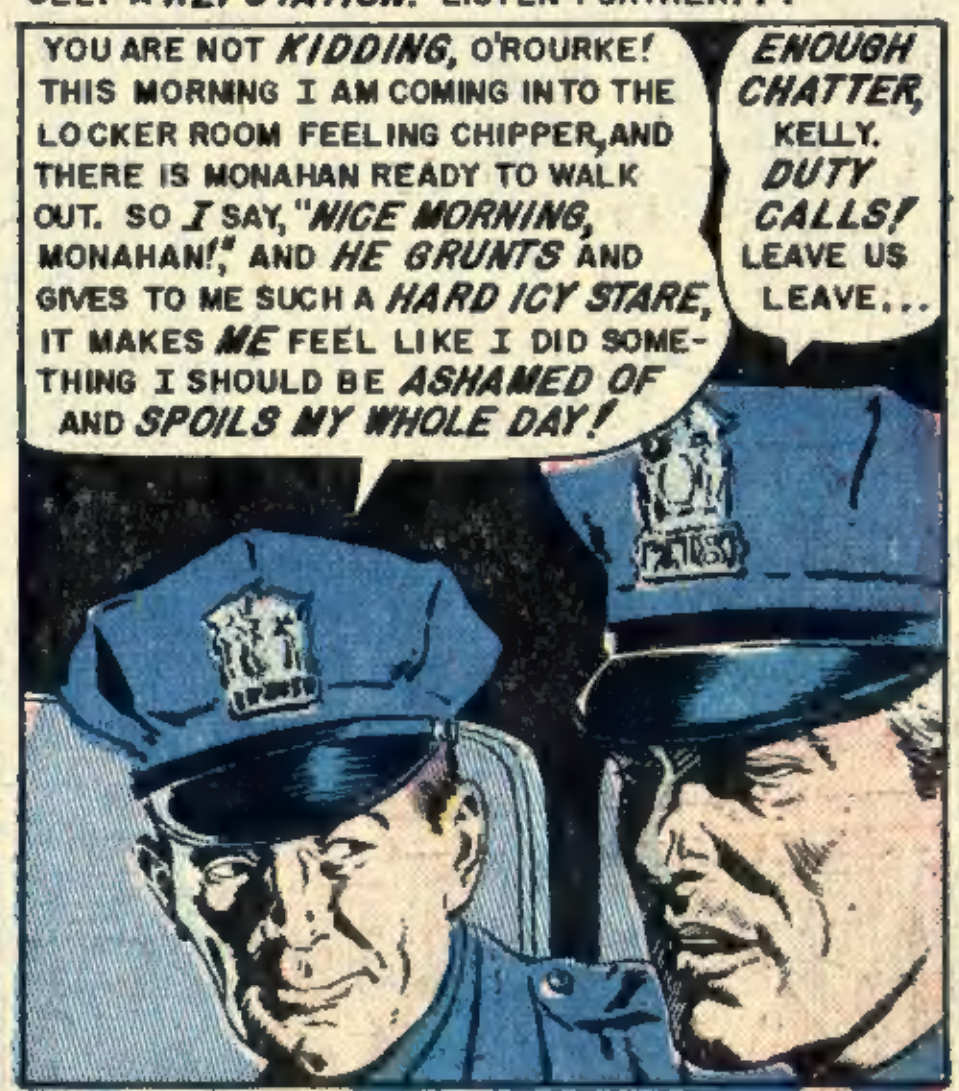
TOUGH COP

MASSIVE! THAT IS A CLASSY WORD FOR A PLAINCLOTHES COP I KNOW WHO GOES BY THE MONIKER OF FRANK MONAHAN AND IS SIX FOOT TWO AND HAS GOT A BUILT LIKE A BRICK ROUNDHOUSE WITH SHOULDERS SO BROAD IT LOOKS LIKE HE HAS GOT ANOTHER GUY WITH HIM IN HIS OVERCOAT. TO TOP IT ALL OFF, HE HAS GOT THIS BIG, THICK HEAD AND A LANTERN JAW WHICH LOOKS LIKE THE FRONT END OF A STEAMROLLER. IN FACT, THAT IS AN *ACCURATE DESCRIPTION* OF FRANK MONAHAN: A *WALKING STEAMROLLER!* AND *TOUGH?!* THIS MONAHAN IS THE *TOUGHEST COP* IN THE *71ST PRECINCT*, WHICH IS WHERE I SPEND MANY QUIET EVENINGS SLEEPING OFF HAPPY IMBIBING. IF YOU DO NOT CARE TO TAKE *MY* WORD FOR IT, YOU ARE AT LIBERTY TO INQUIRE *FURTHER*. ASK *ANYBODY!* ASK THE DOLLY SISTERS... I MEAN, THE *OFFICERS*... PARKED AT THE CURB IN THE PROWL CAR...

SEE WHAT I *MEAN?* THIS MONAHAN HAS GOT HIMSELF A *REPUTATION*. LISTEN FURTHER...

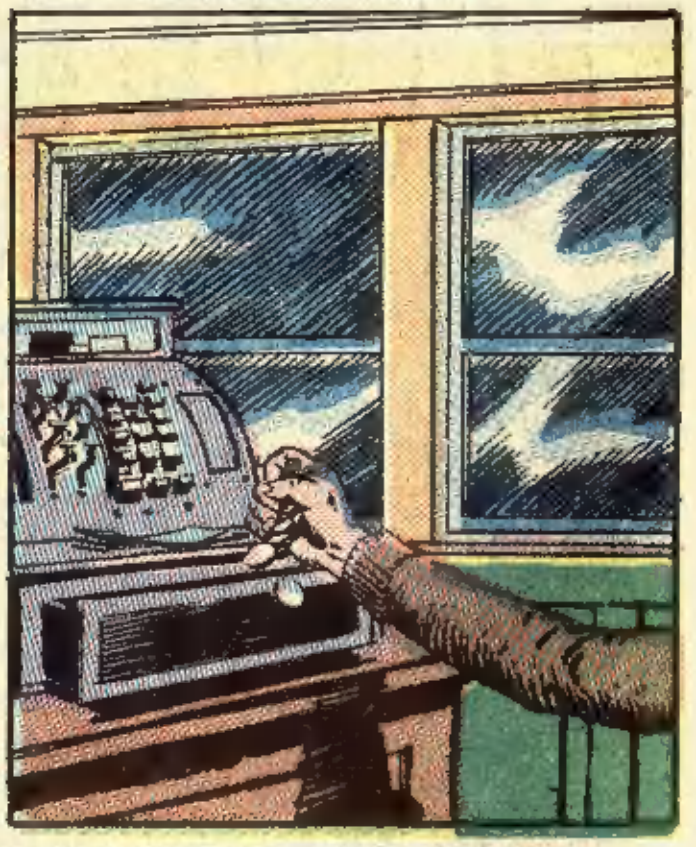


NOW THAT YOU ARE ACQUAINTED WITH THE KIND OF A GUY FRANK MONAHAN IS REPUTED TO BE, LEAVE US SEE HIM IN ACTION. THERE IS HIMSELF IN NICK'S, SITTING ON A STOOL, AND LOOKING AT ALL THE FACES LIKE HE IS ACHING TO PUNCH ONE AND IS TRYING TO PICK WHICH. AND NOW HE SEES THIS KID, WHO IS ABOUT TEN, WITH HIS NOSE PRESSED UP AGAINST THE WINDOW OUTSIDE...

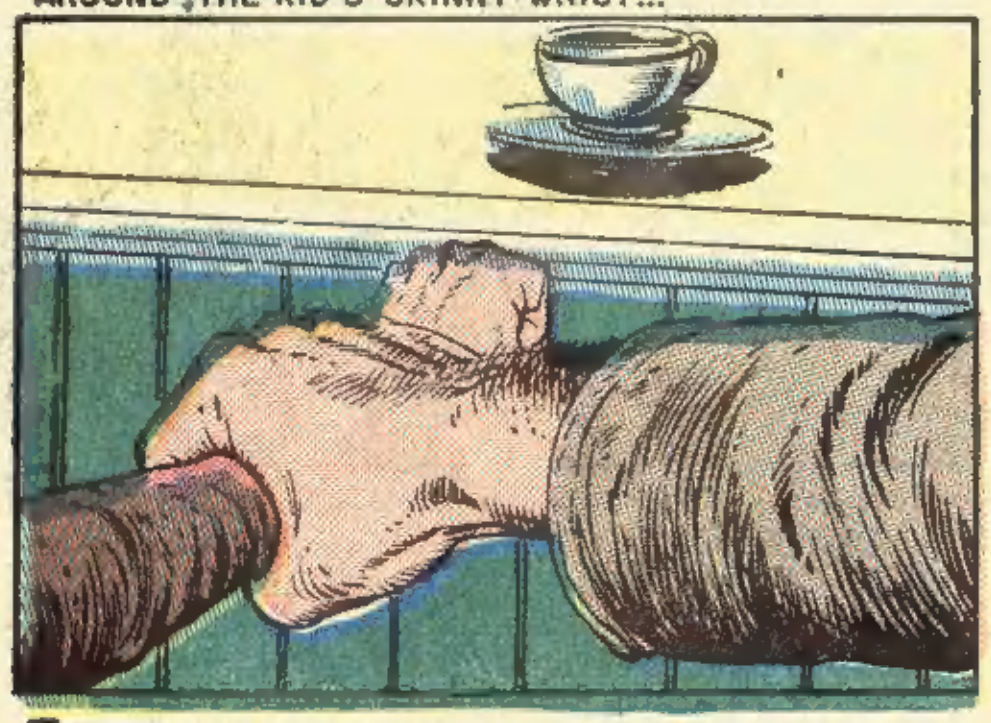
WELL, MONAHAN LOOKS AT WHAT THE KID IS LOOKING AT, AND HE SEES THAT THE DRAWER OF NICK'S CASH REGISTER, WHICH IS AT ONE END OF THE COUNTER, IS WIDE OPEN BECAUSE IT IS THE LUNCHEON HOUR AND NICK IS TOO BUSY SERVING SLOP TO CLOSE IT...

MONAHAN TAKES ALL THIS IN WITH ONE SHARP-EYED GLANCE: THE PLACE IS CROWDED WITH GUYS AND DOLLS FEEDING THEIR FACES OR WAITING TO DO SAME AND NICK IS AT THE STOVE, COOKING, AND THE KID IS SNEAKING IN, HIS EYES SHIFTY-LIKE...

THEN, MONAHAN SEES THE KID'S GRIMY PAW COME FROM BEHIND THE END OF THE COUNTER LIKE A HUNGRY SNAKE AND DIVE INTO THE OPEN CASH DRAWER AND GRAB A MITTFUL OF QUARTERS...



NOW, YOU WOULD NOT THINK THAT A BIG OX LIKE MONAHAN COULD *MOVE* SO FAST AND SO QUIET, BUT IN NO TIME FLAT, THAT BIG HAM OF HIS IS WRAPPED AROUND THE KID'S SKINNY WRIST...

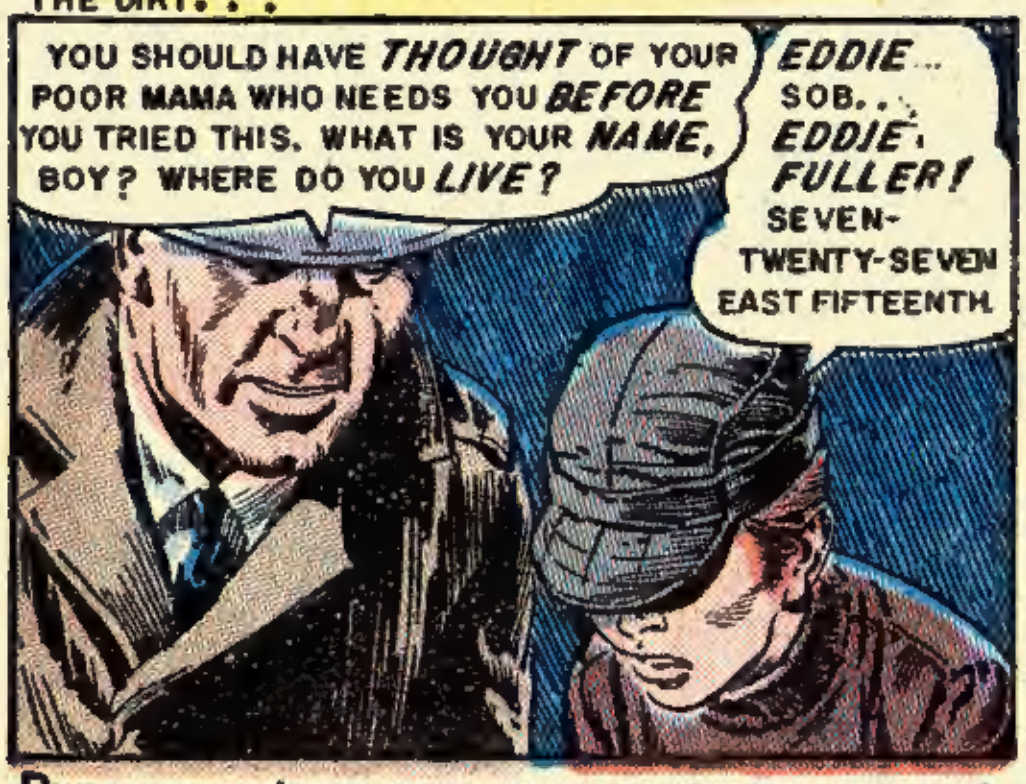


THE KID'S FACE GOES AS WHITE AS NICK'S APRON ... WHITER, EVEN, BECAUSE NICK'S APRON IS OFTEN SPOTTED WITH THE SLOP HE SERVES. MONAHAN GETS A FIRM GRIP ON THE KID'S SHOULDERS AND DOESN'T EVEN UTTER A PEEP, BUT STEERS HIS PRISONER OUT OF THE DOOR INTO THE STREET...

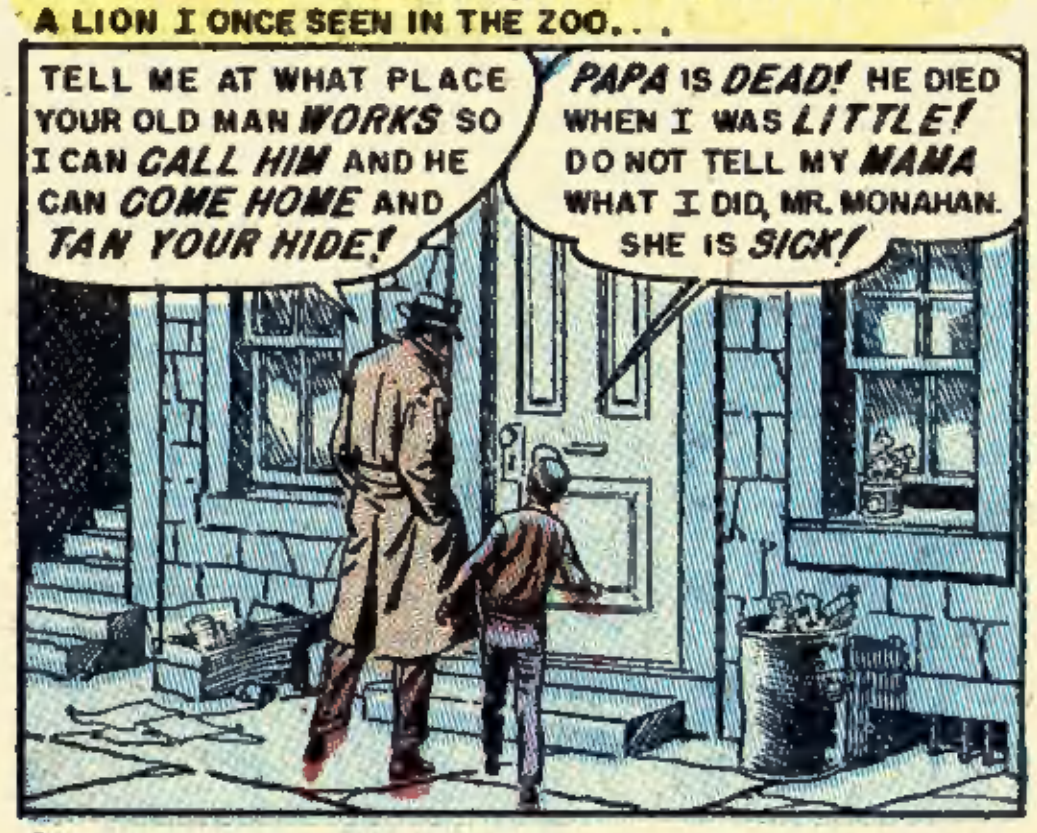
THEN MONAHAN FLASHES HIS BADGE AT THE TREMBLING KID AND ANNOUNCES, LIKE HE IS A DOORKEEP AT A VERY HIGH-CLASS FORMAL BALL ...

THE KID IS TRYING HARD NOT TO BAWL AND THE BIG, TOUGH FLATFOOT SEES THE KID'S RAGGEDY CLOTHES. BUT THIS DOES NOT PHASE HIM. HE DOES NOT LET UP...

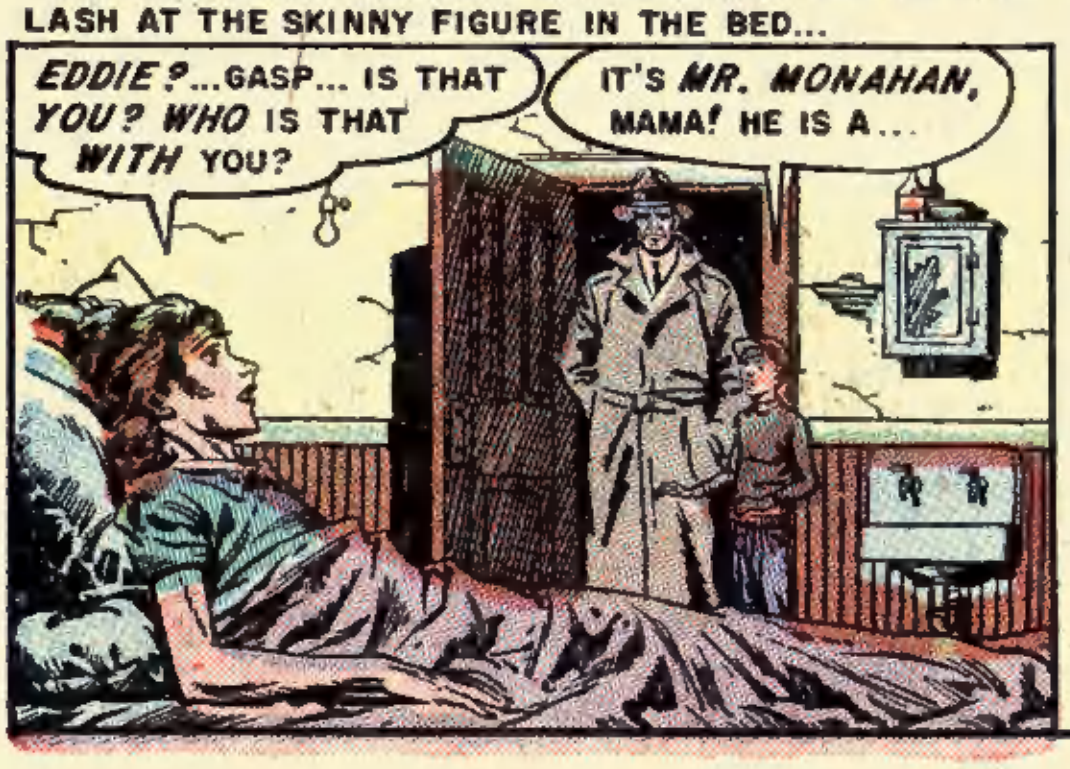
THEN, THE DAM BUSTS OPEN AND THE TEARS START FLOWING FROM THE KID'S EYES DOWN HIS SUNK-IN CHEEKS LEAVING LITTLE WHITE STREAKS THROUGH THE DIRT. . .

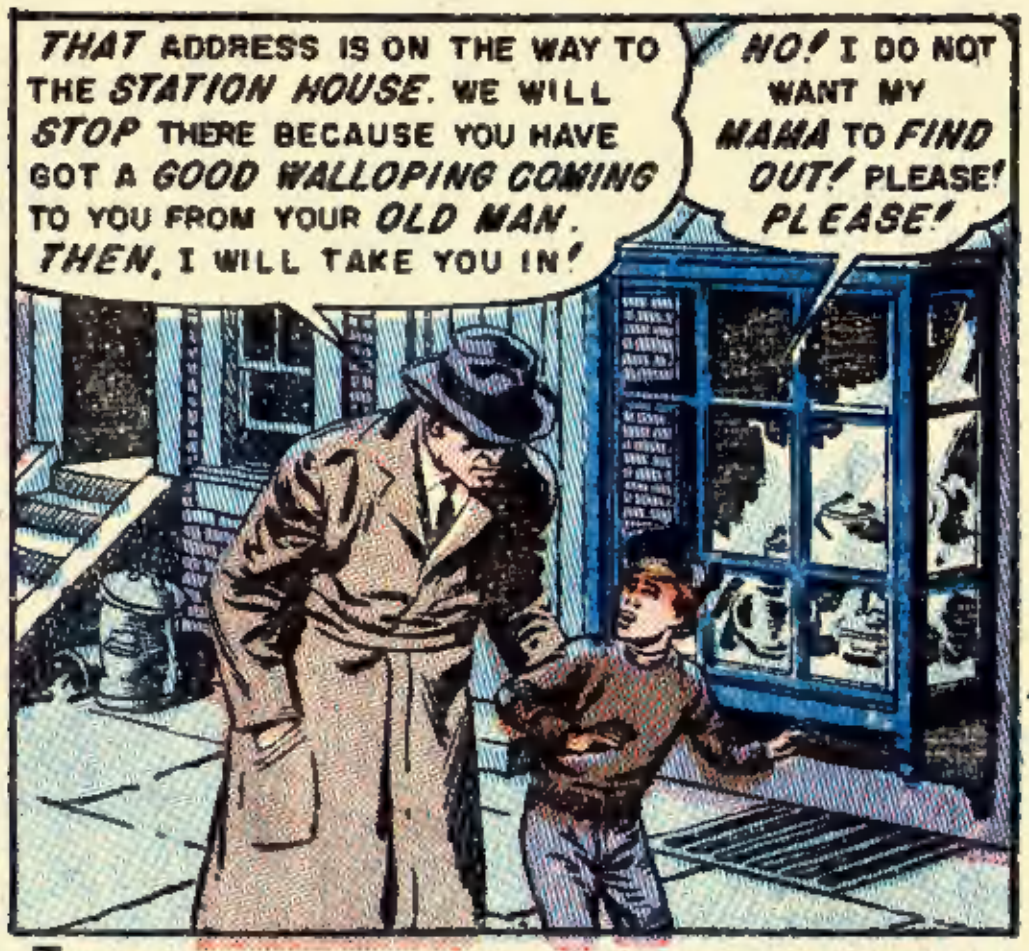


BUT MONAHAN'S HEART IS LIKE A BLOCK OF ICE AND HE DRAGS LITTLE EDDIE TO THIS COLD WATER TENEMENT AND WHEN THEY GET THERE, HE SNARLS AT THE KID LIKE A LION I ONCE SEEN IN THE ZOO. . .



NOW PERHAPS THIS WOULD HAVE STOPPED ANY OTHER GUY IN HIS TRACKS. BUT NOT TOUGH MONAHAN. HE IS STILL SUSPICIOUS. HE WALKS RIGHT INTO THE KID'S FLAT AND LOOKS AROUND. HE DOES NOT BAT AN EYE-LASH AT THE SKINNY FIGURE IN THE BED...



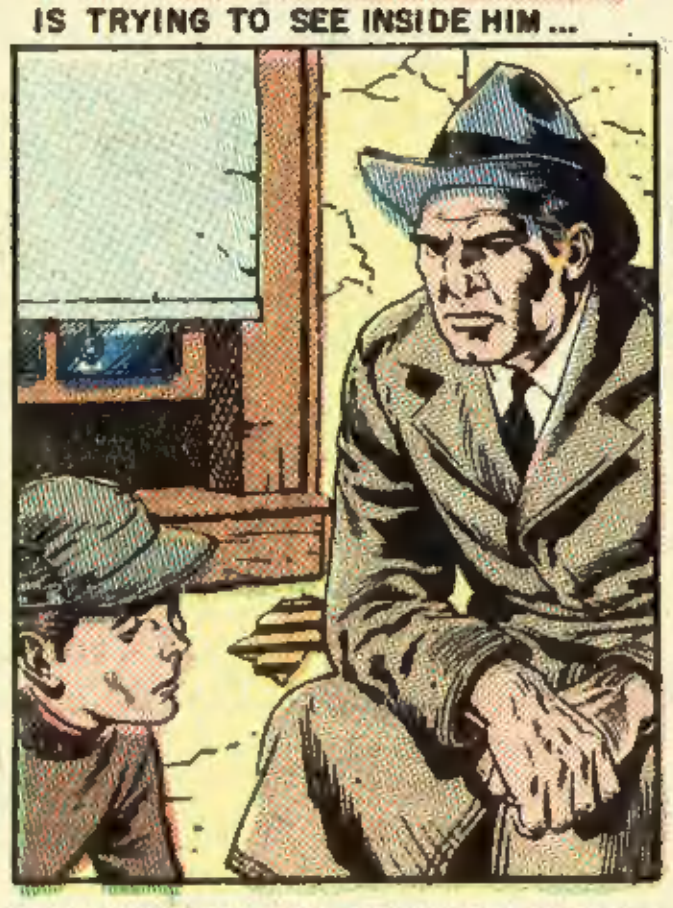


THEY GO INTO THE GLOOMY TENEMENT HALLWAY WHICH SMELLS OF COOKING AND GARBAGE, AND THE BIG GUY FOLLOWS THE LITTLE GUY UP THE CREAKY, LITTERED STAIRS...

THE BIG APE INTERRUPTS. HE DOES NOT SAY WHY HE IS THERE. HE SEES HOW HARD MRS. FULLER IS BREATHING AND HE SEES SHE IS PLENTY SICK...

IF YOU THINK THAT I AM GOING TO TELL YOU THAT FRANK MONAHAN'S EYES FILLED UP WITH TEARS, YOU HAVE GOT ROCKS IN YOUR HEAD. HE JUST WALKS OUT, THUMPS DOWN THE STAIRS TO THE HALL PAY-PHONE, CALLS THE SEVENTY-FIRST PRECINCT, AND CLOMPS BACK UP...

FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES, THEY SIT THERE... AND THE ONLY SOUND IS MRS. FULLER'S HEAVY BREATHING. THE COP NEVER TAKES HIS GLIMS OFF OF THE KID, EDDIE... LIKE HE IS TRYING TO SEE INSIDE HIM...

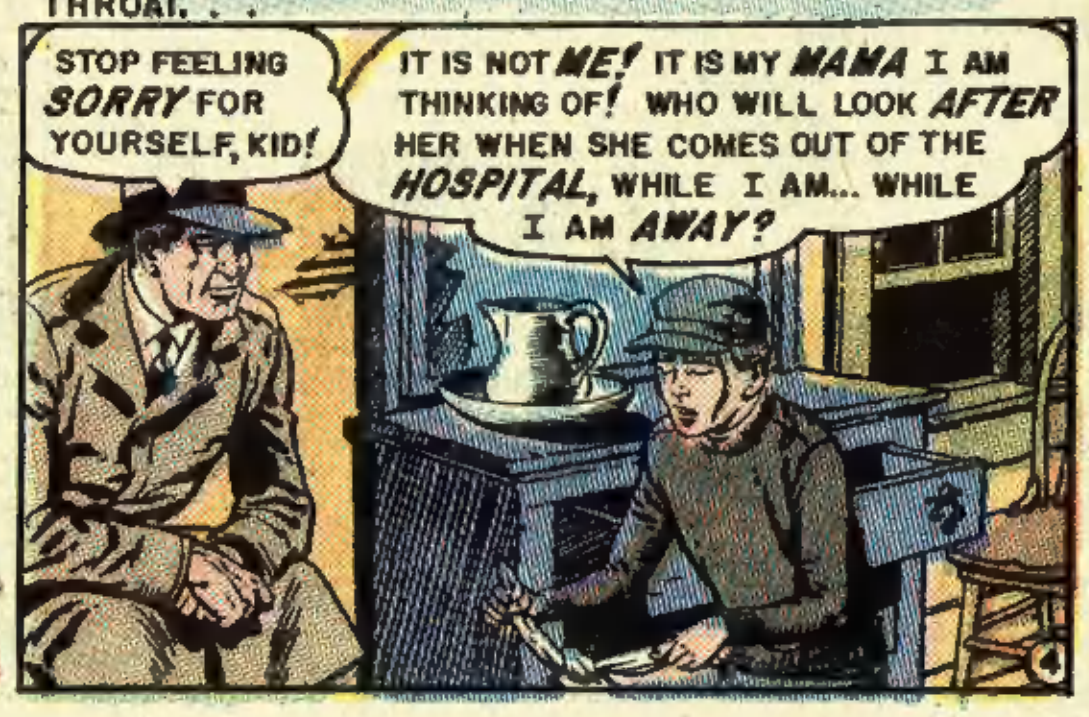


WHEN THE AMBULANCE CLANGS UP, MONAHAN LOOKS AROUND FOR A SUITCASE, BUT THERE IS NONE TO BE SEEN, AND THERE'S NOTHING TO BE PACKED EVEN IF THERE WAS ONE. TWO BOYS IN WHITE COATS COME IN WITH A STRETCHER...

THE WHOLE TIME THEY ARE LOADING SICK MRS. FULLER INTO THE HOSPITAL WAGON, MONAHAN IS WATCHING THE KID LIKE A HAWK. NO PRISONER IS GOING TO TAKE IT ON THE LAM WHILE *HE* IS ON THE JOB! BUT EDDIE IS NOT *THINKING* ABOUT *THAT*. HE IS SAYING GOODBYE TO HIS MAMA, AND HE IS BITING HIS LIP TO KEEP FROM BAWLING AGAIN...

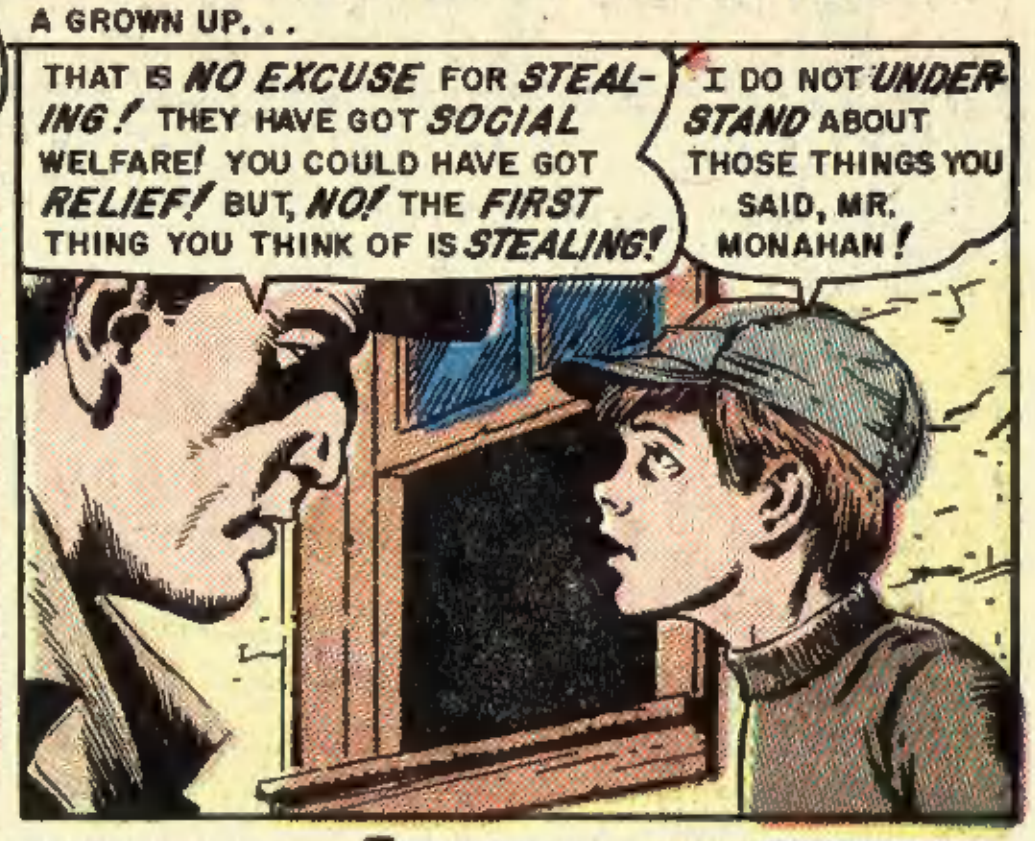
AFTER THE AMBULANCE CLANGS OFF, MONAHAN TURNS TO THE KID AND HE IS STILL LIKE A BLOCK OF ICE...

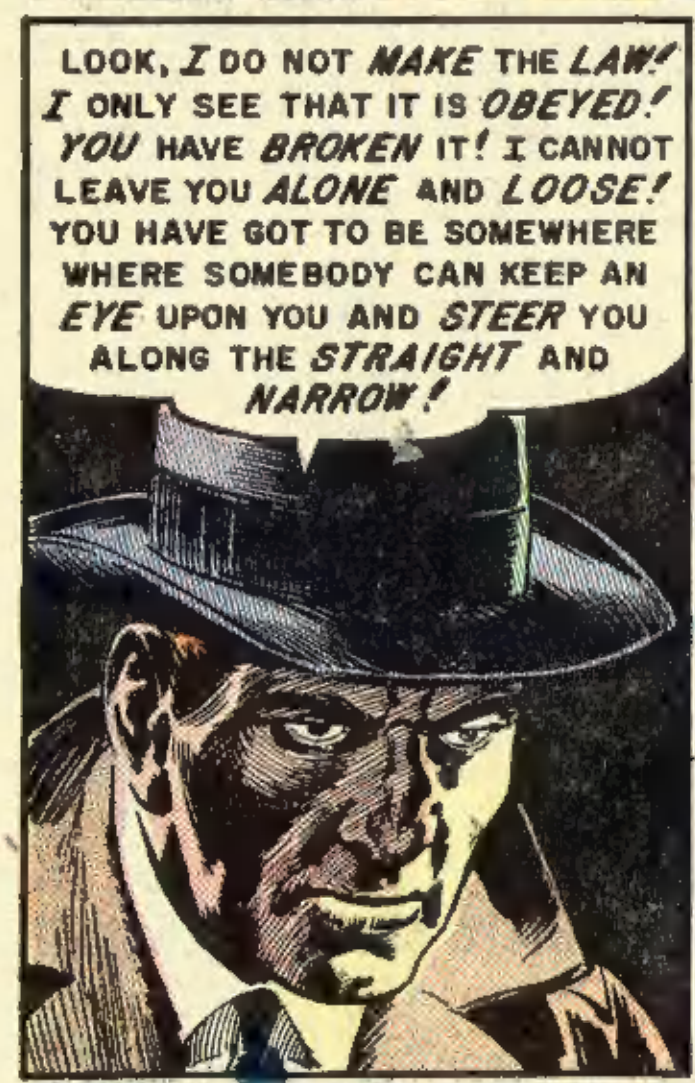
THEY CLIMB BACK UP THE CREAKY STAIRS AND LITTLE EDDIE GATHERS HIS FEW RAGGED DUDS. IT IS NOT EASY FOR HIM TO TALK BECAUSE THE WORDS GET CHOKED UP IN HIS THROAT. . .



MONAHAN SCOWLS AT THE KID...

...AND THEN THE BIG GUY ANSWERS LIKE THE KID WAS A GROWN UP...





LITTLE EDDIE SEES THAT IT IS NO USE ARGUING WITH THE TOUGH COP, SO HE SHUTS UP. HE SHUTS UP WHEN MONAHAN MARCHES HIM DOWNSTAIRS. HE SHUTS UP EVEN WHEN MONAHAN MARCHES HIM *RIGHT PAST THE SEVENTY-FIRST PRECINCT...*

THE BIG TOUGH FLATFOOT TAKES THE KID A COUPLE OF MORE BLOCKS DOWN TO A PRETTY NICE-LOOKING BUILDING, AND THEY GO UP, AND MONAHAN WALKS INTO THIS APARTMENT LIKE HE *LIVES* THERE, WHICH HE *DOES*...

THE BIG TOUGH COP PUTS HIS HAND ON LITTLE EDDIE'S SHOULDER GENTLY AND THEY FOLLOW MOLLY INTO THE DINING ROOM WHERE SIX *OTHER* KIDS ARE FEEDING THEIR FACES AND LAUGHING. *SIX KIDS...AND ONLY TWO OF THEM ARE MONAHAN'S!*

SO LIKE I SAID, FRANK MONAHAN IS A *REAL TOUGH COP. BELIEVE ME! I KNOW!* —THE END—

THIRTY DOLLARS

Few, if any, fight fans remember Dave Baker. Actually, there is no reason they should. At his best he was just a ham-and-egger. He rounded out the bills in dreary neighborhood clubs, a leather pusher willing enough to mix it up, but strictly without talent.

Dave Baker got married to a plain girl and they lived their obscure lives struggling along on the money he made. She couldn't work too much. A year after their marriage, she became pretty sick and what with the doctor bills and the hospital bills it took every cent they had.

Then Dave couldn't get fights. The matchmakers had other stumble bums to throw in against each other for the prelims. It was bad for the Bakers. Real bad. And to make it worse, here it was coming on Christmas. There was no money for food let alone presents.

Well, it seems Dave was walking with his wife and they passed this dress shop. She saw a beautiful gown in the window. It cost thirty bucks—but it might as well have been a million. Dave caught the expression on her face and knew she wanted that dress more than anything else in the world, so he decided to get it for her.

He knew a matchmaker named Lane who had a rep in the trade for running crooked fights. You know, the kind where some comer builds up a name by kayoing his opponents real steady, only they're all set ups. Tank jobs. So Dave, who never played it wrong in his whole life, went to Lane and pleaded for a job, a chance to do a dive for thirty bucks.

It happened they needed a phoney on the card. Dave got the job. He took his thirty in advance, rushed home, gave his wife the dough and asked her to be waiting for him in the new dress, when he came back after the fight. Nobody'll ever know what it cost Dave to do a flop, but he went through with the act. He swore that he was through with boxing forever, though. He knew a guy who'd give him a job as a dock walloper. Anything was better than taking a dive, especially when Dave could have whipped the kid they had matched him with.

But all that was behind him. He dashed back to the cold water flat, trembling with excitement, thinking how beautiful his wife would look in her new dress. He opened the door and she was standing in the living room. But she wasn't wearing the new dress and there were tears in her eyes.

"What happened?" Dave asked. "Where's the dress?"

"I didn't buy it, darling," she said. "I wanted to get you a present, too . . . so I bet the thirty dollars on you to win."

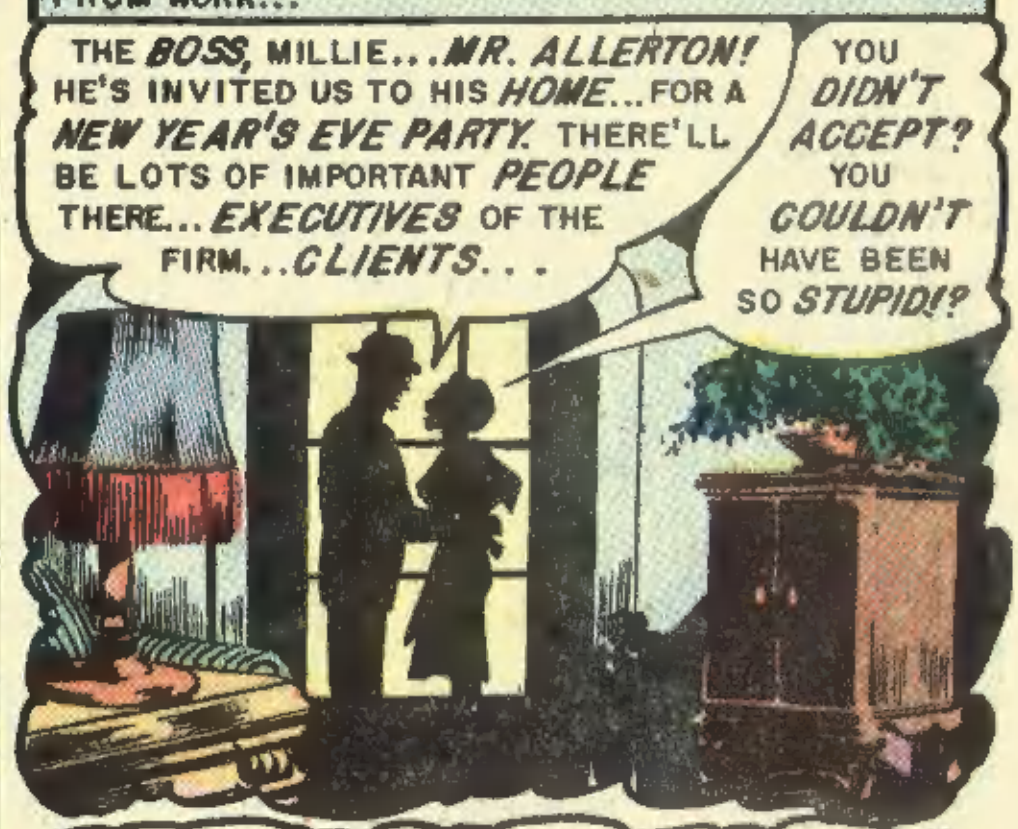
They stood there looking at each other silently. Then Dave took her in his arms. Maybe people thought they had nothing. Let them think it. Dave knew he had the world. He had a wife who loved him and whom he loved. And that was a pretty good way to start all over again.

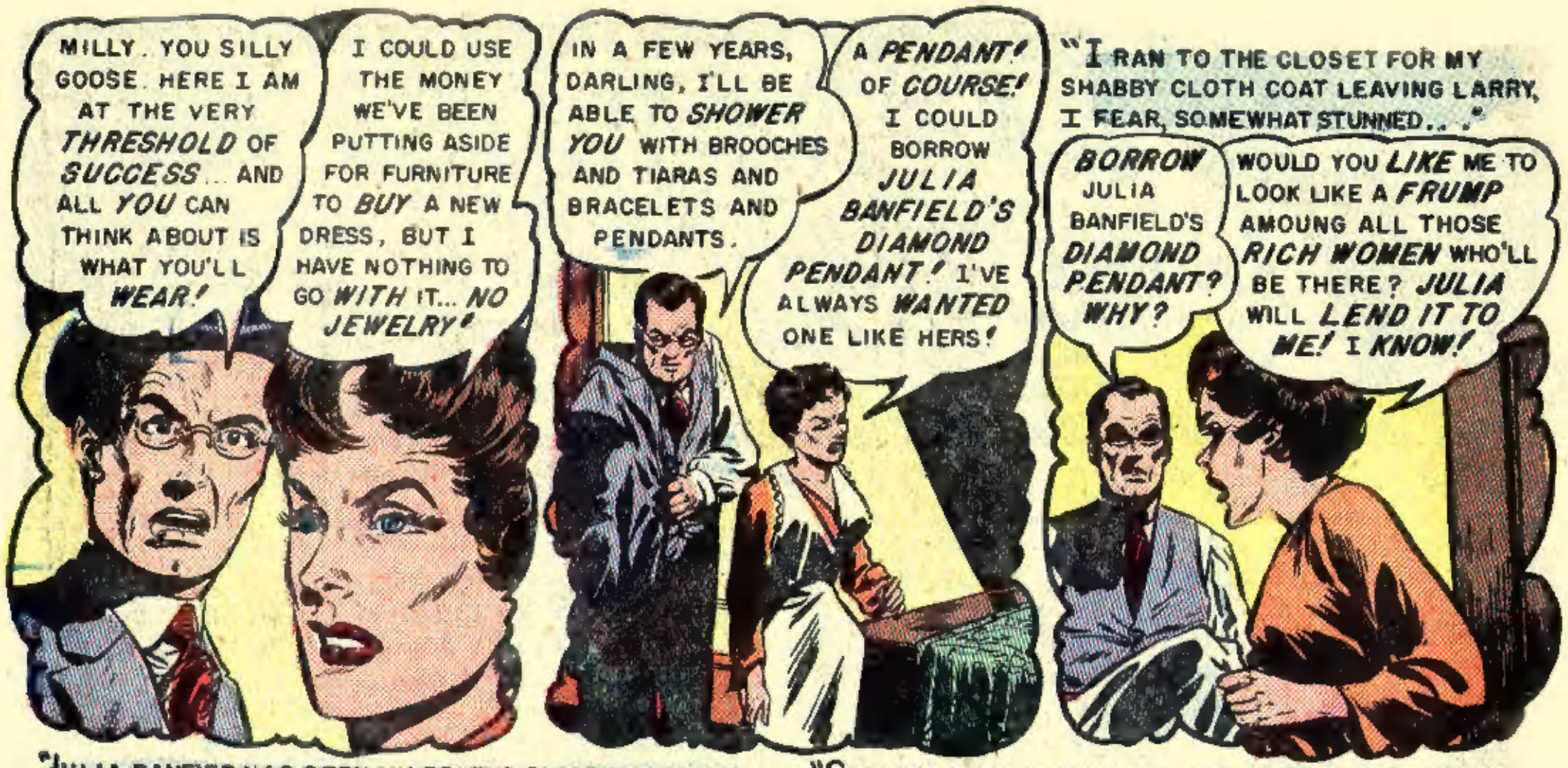
THE DIAMOND PENDANT

BASED ON A STORY BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN THINGS WERE *GOOD* FOR US... FOR *LARRY* AND *ME*. BUT THAT WAS SO *LONG* AGO THAT IT DOESN'T SEEM *REAL* ANYMORE. ALL I HAVE IS *THIS*... THIS *BEAUTIFUL DIAMOND PENDANT*...TO *REMIND* ME OF THOSE *HAPPY DAYS*, AND THEN, THE ENDLESS DAYS OF *TORMENT* AND *SACRIFICE* THAT HAVE SO GRIEVOUSLY *AGED* ME. LARRY... *SIGH*...GOD REST HIS SOUL... IS *GONE* NOW... AND *I*, ONLY FIFTY-FIVE, AM IN *LIFE'S TWILIGHT*, WITH *NOTHING* LEFT BUT *MEMORIES*. I SAY '*NOTHING*', FOR...EVEN THOUGH THIS PENDANT IS VALUED AT A *FORTUNE*... TO *ME*, IT IS *NOTHING MORE THAN A WORTHLESS BAUBLE!*

"I REMEMBER THAT NIGHT, TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, AS THOUGH IT WERE YESTERDAY. LARRY AND I HAD ONLY BEEN MARRIED A SHORT WHILE BUT I HAD ALREADY BEGUN TO GOAD HIM INTO GIVING ME THE THINGS I'D ALWAYS WANTED. WE'D BOUGHT A SMALL HOUSE AND PARTLY FURNISHED IT WITH OUR SAVINGS. THINGS WERE TIGHT. BUT I DREAMED OF SUCCESS FOR LARRY... SUCCESS AND THE MATERIAL THINGS MONEY COULD BRING. ONE NIGHT HE CAME HOME FROM WORK..."



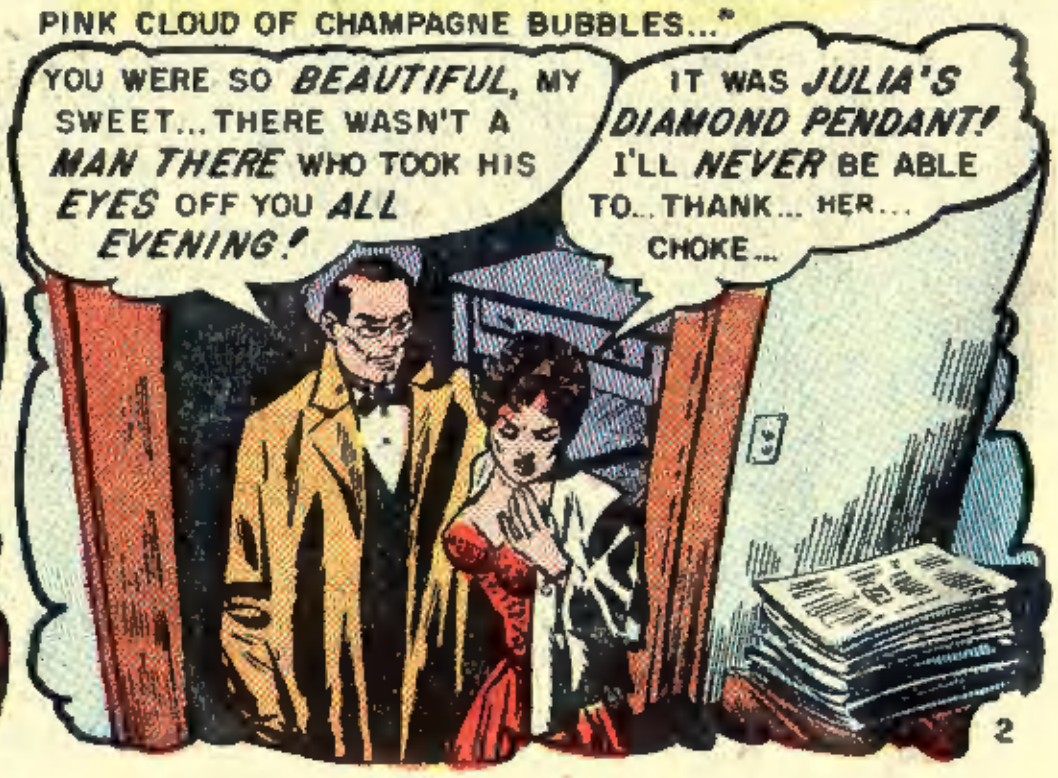


"JULIA BANFIED HAD BEEN MY FRIEND SINCE CHILDHOOD. I'D ALWAYS ENVIED HER. I REMEMBER THINKING HOW UNFAIR IT WAS... HER HAVING SO MUCH, AND I SO LITTLE. AND THEN, TO MARRY SOMEONE AS WEALTHY AS JOHN BANFIELD. HOW JEALOUS I'D BEEN. BUT I SWALLOWED MY PRIDE AND WENT TO SEE HER..."

"SHE BROUGHT ME HER DIAMOND PENDANT. AGAINST THE SOFT BLACK VELVET LINING OF ITS FLAT LEATHER CASE, IT SHONE LIKE A HUNDRED VENUSES IN A CLEAR SUMMER NIGHT SKY..."

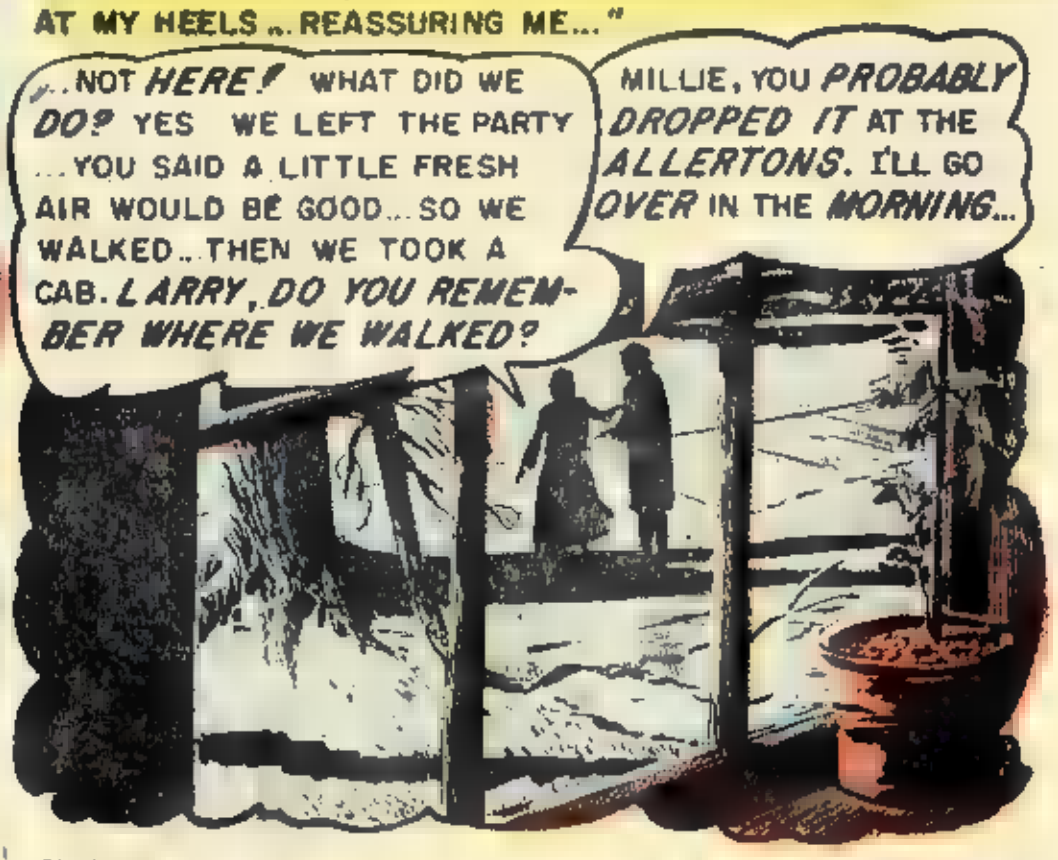
"NEW YEAR'S EVE, DECEMBER 31ST, 1928, WAS THE MOST WONDERFUL NIGHT OF MY LIFE. I FELT RADIANT. FOR JULIA'S DIAMOND PENDANT GAVE ME A FEELING OF WEALTH AND SELF-ASSURANCE. THE ALLERTON'S PARTY WAS A CINDERELLA BALL COME TRUE..."

"AND LATER, WHEN LARRY AND I RETURNED TO OUR MODEST LITTLE HOUSE...A HOVEL IN COMPARISON TO THE ALLERTON'S MANSION... I WAS FLOATING ON A PINK CLOUD OF CHAMPAGNE BUBBLES..."

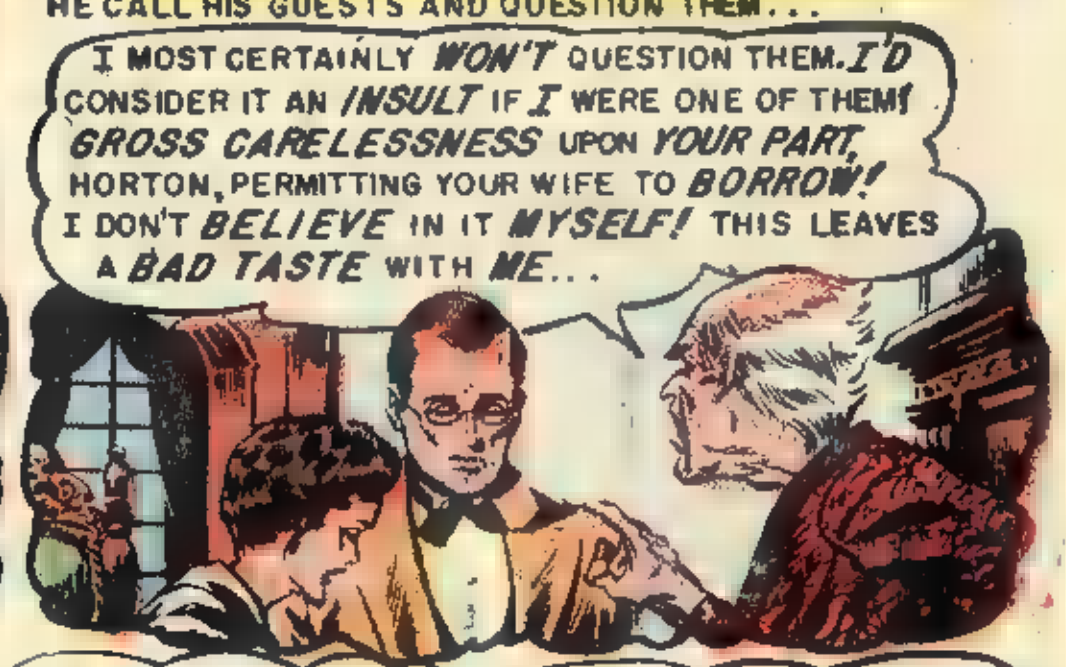


"SUDDENLY, THE PINK CLOUD EXPLODED. THE ROOM SWAM DIZZILY AROUND ME. I FELT SICK...FAINT..."

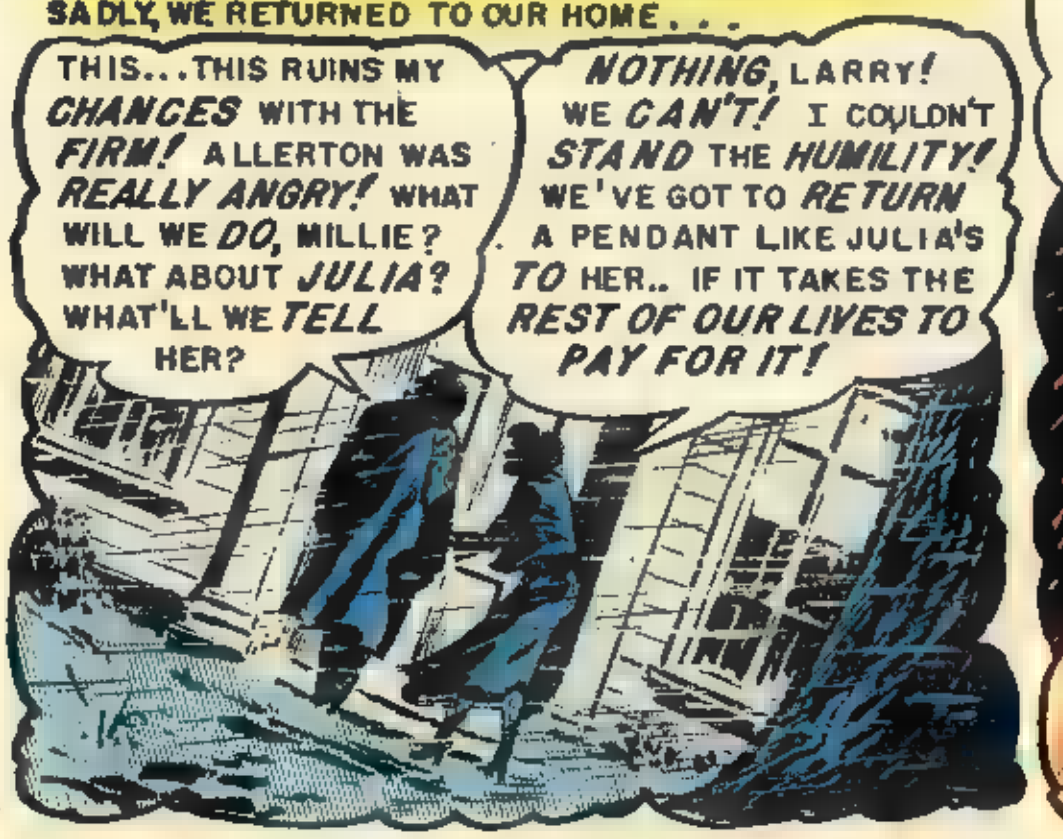
"SEIZED WITH A HYSTERICAL KIND OF PANIC, I RUSHED INTO THE STREET, LARRY... POOR LARRY... FOLLOWING AT MY HEELS.. REASSURING ME..."

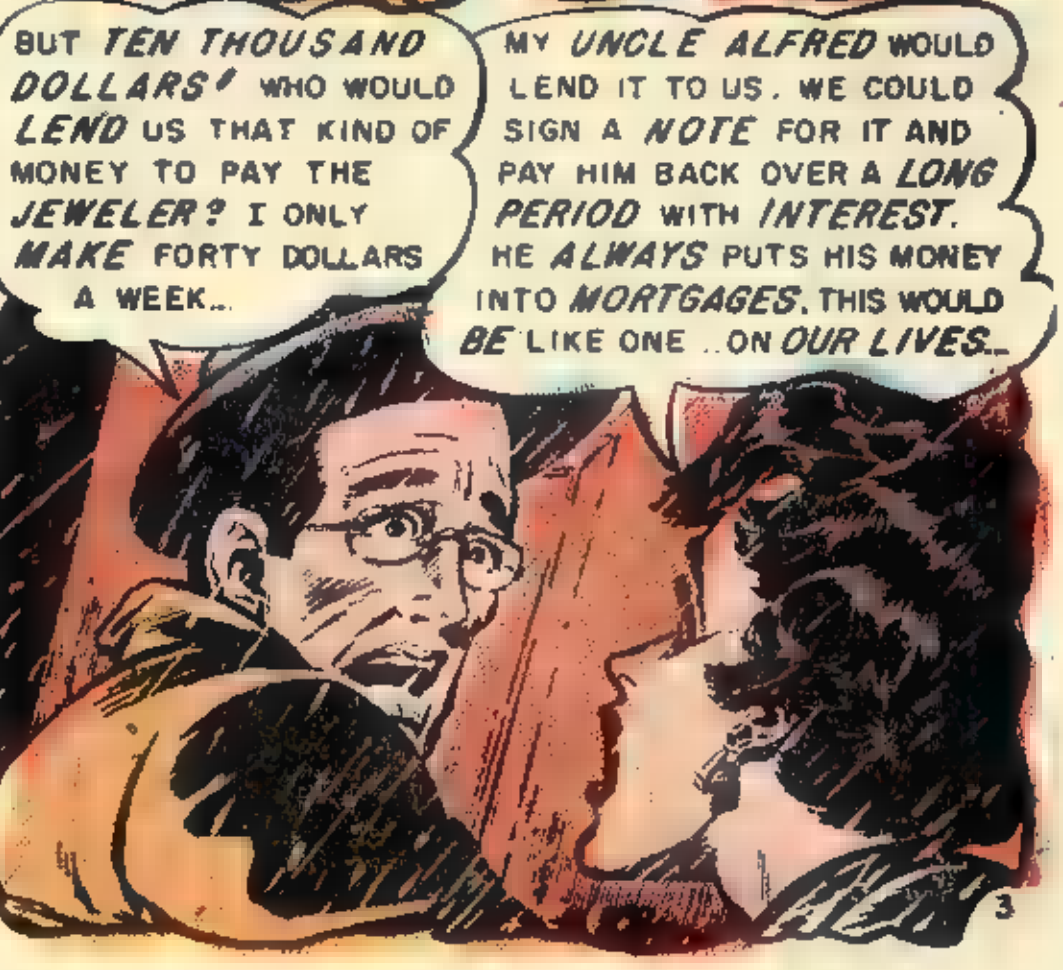


"WE RUSHED BACK TO THE SCENE OF MY NOW-VANISHED ECSTASY AND INSISTED THAT THE BUTLER AWAKEN HIS MASTER. MR. ALLERTON WAS VERY TIRED AND EXTREMELY ANNOYED, WHEN, AFTER WE'D SEARCHED THE HOUSE, WE'D TOLD HIM THE WHOLE STORY ABOUT THE PENDANT BEING BORROWED AND I'D SUGGESTED HE CALL HIS GUESTS AND QUESTION THEM..."



"WE RETRACED OUR STEPS...CHECKED WITH THE CAB COMPANY...SEARCHED UNTIL DAWN. THEN, SADLY, WE RETURNED TO OUR HOME...





"THE NAME OF THE JEWELERS: HEATHE, MARSH AND FINNERTY, WAS ON THE EMPTY LEATHER PENDANT CASE. ON THE SECOND OF JANUARY, FIRST THING IN THE MORNING, WE WERE THERE..."

AH, *HERE* IT IS! "BANFIELD PENDANT. DELIVERED NOVEMBER 8TH, 1927." *NOW* I REMEMBER! I *DESIGNED* THAT PIECE *MYSELF!* I STILL HAVE THE *SKETCHES*, AS A MATTER OF FACT. OF *COURSE* I COULD *DUPLICATE IT FOR YOU*... FOR ABOUT THE *SAME PRICE*... *SEVENTEEN THOUSAND DOLLARS.*

LARRY!

SEVEN-TEEN...

"WE LEFT THE JEWELERS, NUMB WITH SHOCK..."

WE'LL...WE'LL HAVE TO SELL THE *HOUSE*, MILLIE...TAKE A *SMALL APARTMENT* SOMEWHERE...

I'LL GO TO *WORK*, LARRY. THERE MUST BE *SOMETHING* I COULD DO...

"THEN WE WENT TO THE OFFICES OF MY UNCLE, ALFRED BURWELL..."

I'VE *SEEN* YOUR HOME, MILLIE... WORTH ABOUT *SIX THOUSAND*... *MINUS THREE HUNDRED SALES COMMISSION*. LET'S SEE... SO YOU'LL BE NEEDING ABOUT *ELEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS CASH* FROM *ME*...

WE'LL PAY YOU BACK, UNCLE ALFRED... EVERY... EVERY CENT!

WE'LL SIGN A *NOTE*...

WITH WHAT COLLATERAL? YOU SAY YOU MAKE *FORTY*, LARRY? MILLIE *MIGHT* MAKE *FIFTEEN!* THAT'S *FIFTY-FIVE!* IF YOU PAY ME *TWENTY FIVE DOLLARS A WEEK... AT SEVEN PERCENT*... LET'S SEE... IT'LL TAKE...

SEVEN PER-CENT! THAT'S *USURY*, MR. BURWELL!

TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT, LARRY. THIS IS A *HIGH RISK* I'M TAKING! IT *CALLS FOR HIGH INTEREST...*

"WE TOOK IT. WE HAD TO. WE SIGNED THE NOTE. THAT AFTERNOON I WENT TO SEE JULIA BANFIELD, WHILE LARRY RUSHED BACK TO THE JEWELERS TO ORDER THE PENDANT..."

WHEN WE GOT HOME FROM THE PARTY, *LARRY* PUT THE *PENDANT* IN OUR *STRONG-BOX. HE* HAS THE *KEY* AND HE'S *GONE OUT OF TOWN!* I DON'T KNOW *WHEN* HE'LL BE *BACK*, JULIA, AND I'M *SO UPSET*...

DON'T BE *SILLY*, MILLIE. THE PENDANT WILL BE AS SAFE IN *YOUR* STRONG-BOX AS IT IS IN *MINE*...

"THE NEW PENDANT WAS READY IN TWO WEEKS AND I RUSHED IT TO JULIA'S HOUSE. LATER, I TOLD LARRY ALL ABOUT IT..."

SHE WAS *UPSTAIRS DRESSING*. SHE CALLED *DOWN* TO ME TO *LEAVE IT ON THE DRAWING ROOM TABLE*. THAT'S *ALL*. OUR *FUTURE LIVES* HAVE BEEN *PUT INTO THAT JEWELRY*... AND *SHE* SAID TO JUST *LEAVE IT ON THE TABLE*. OH, LARRY... SOB...

I SIGNED OVER THE *HOUSE* THIS MORNING, MILLIE. WE'LL HAVE TO *MOVE OUT TOMORROW*.

"AFTER THAT, THE NIGHTMARE CLOSED IN UPON US. WE MOVED TO A SMALL CHEAP FLAT ACROSS TOWN IN THE TENEMENT SECTION..."

...SO HE *PASSED ME RIGHT BY.* MY *ASSISTANT,* WHITLEY, WAS MADE *DEPARTMENT MANAGER* RIGHT OVER *MY HEAD...*

IT'S NOT *FAIR* OF MR. ALLERTON TO HOLD *MY* STUPID CARELESSNESS AGAINST *YOU,* LARRY!

NO, HE'S *RIGHT,* MILLIE. WHAT *YOU* DO *IS* MY RESPONSIBILITY. BUT DON'T LET IT *WORRY* YOU. THINGS WILL *WORK OUT.* WE'LL *PAY BACK* THE LOAN. *YOU'LL SEE!*

WE WERE *COUNTING* ON YOUR *RAISE* AND *PROMOTION,* LARRY. NOW I'LL *HAVE* TO GO TO WORK... AND HAVING...SOB... *BABIES* WILL HAVE TO *WAIT!*

"I BEGAN TO LOOK AROUND AND FINALLY FOUND A JOB WITH A DRESS MANUFACTURING COMPANY..."

THE JOB PAYS *TWENTY-FIVE CENTS AN HOUR,* LADY... *EIGHT TO SIX... SIX DAYS A WEEK!*

THANK YOU, MR. HAWLEY! THANK YOU *SO MUCH!*

"THAT NIGHT I BURST IN ON LARRY WITH THE GOOD NEWS. I WAS SO ENTHUSED, I NEVER NOTICED HIS DESPONDENCY..."

...AND AT *TWO-FIFTY A DAY... SIX DAYS A WEEK...* THAT'S *FIFTEEN DOLLARS...* JUST TO *START!* WHY, WITHIN A *YEAR,* I...

MILLIE! MR. ALLERTON LET ME *GO* TODAY!

HE...HE *FIRED YOU,* LARRY?!

I...I FELT IT *COMING,* MILLIE. I'VE BEEN SO *WORRIED* THESE PAST FEW WEEKS, I JUST HAVEN'T BEEN *CONCENTRATING* ON MY *WORK.* I MADE A *TERRIBLE MISTAKE* YESTERDAY...AN *EXPENSIVE* MISTAKE FOR THE *COMPANY!*

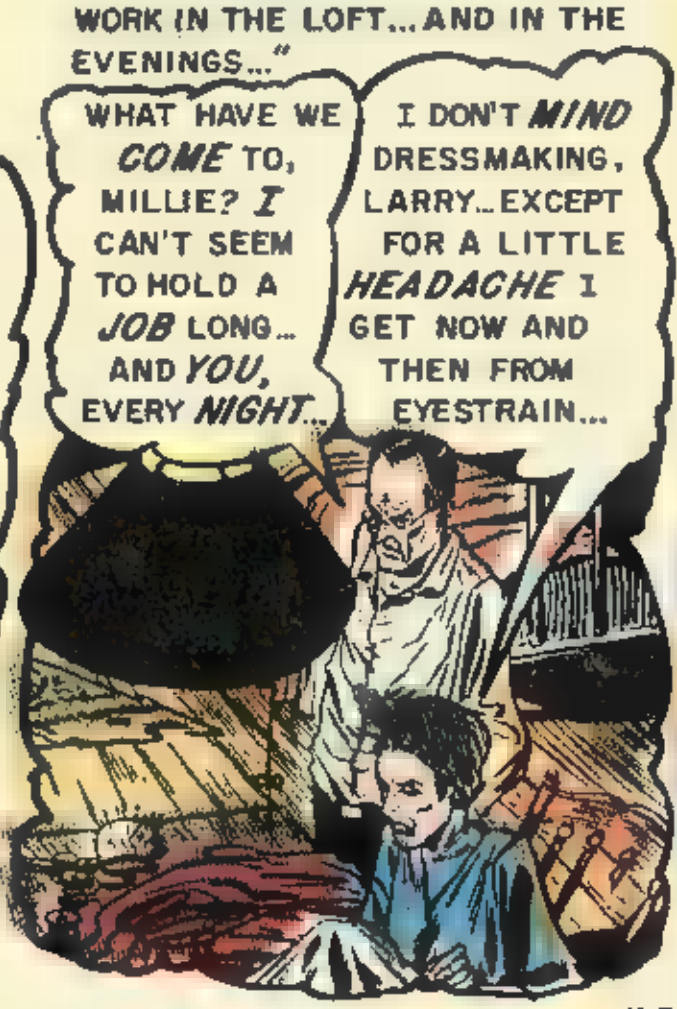
"I TRIED WITHOUT SUCCESS TO LIFT LARRY'S SPIRITS ...AND MY OWN AS WELL..."

WELL, *WE'LL* MANAGE *SOMEHOW* ON WHAT *I* MAKE UNTIL YOU GET *ANOTHER* JOB... AND YOU *WILL* SOON, *TOO.* YOU'RE *VERY CAPABLE,* DEAR.

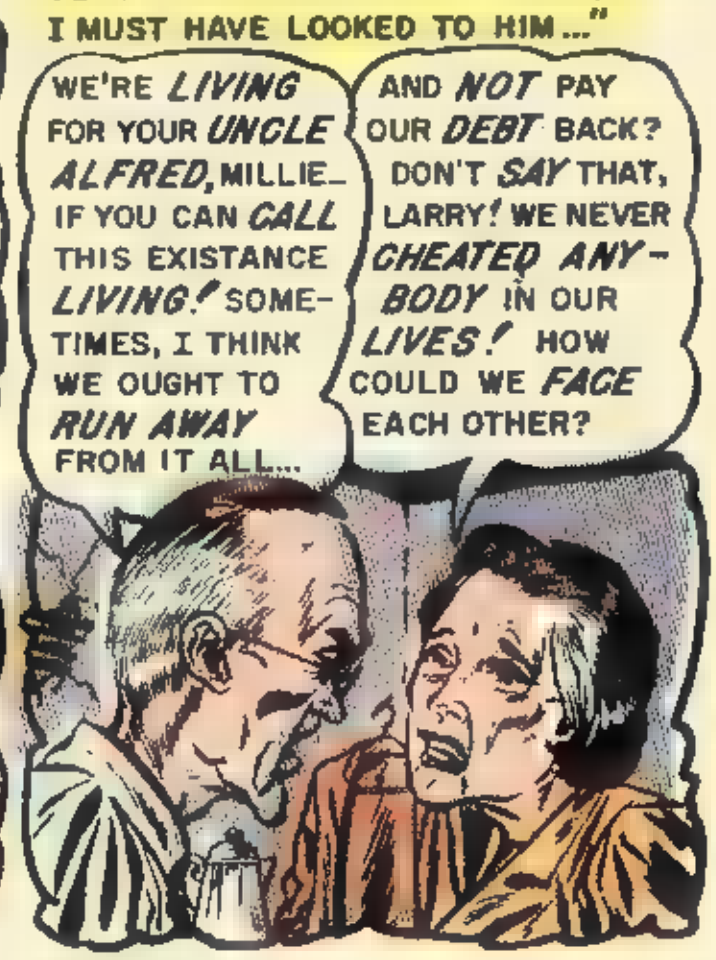
I'LL *NEVER* HAVE *ANOTHER* OPPORTUNITY LIKE I HAD WITH *MR. ALLERTON,* MILLIE.

"LARRY DID GET ANOTHER JOB EVENTUALLY, BUT NOT UNTIL WE'D PAWNED EVERY LAST STICK OF FURNITURE WE'D OWNED. WE FINALLY WERE FORCED TO MOVE INTO A FURNISHED ROOM..."

"I NEVER REDEEMED THE RING. THE YEARS PASSED. BY DAY, I'D WORK IN THE LOFT... AND IN THE EVENINGS..."



"FIVE YEARS... TEN YEARS... THEY CRAWLED BY. LARRY LOOKED MUCH OLDER THAN HIS FORTY YEARS, AS I MUST HAVE LOOKED TO HIM..."



"IT DIDN'T SEEM POSSIBLE, BUT THE NEXT SEVEN YEARS WERE EVEN WORSE FOR US THAN THE FIRST TEN. I HAD TO GIVE UP MY EVENING DRESSMAKING BECAUSE OF MY HEADACHES. LARRY WAS ALWAYS TIRED. THEN, ONE DAY, I CAME HOME TO FIND LARRY IN BED..."

"IT WAS TOO LATE. LARRY DIED WITHIN A WEEK..."

"MY HUSBAND WAS BURIED IN POTTER'S FIELD. I WEPT AND MOURNED FOR HIM, BUT I CARRIED ON... ALONE. I WAS DETERMINED TO PAY BACK THE DEBT. FOR EIGHT MORE YEARS I WORKED, SCRUBBING FLOORS IN OFFICE BUILDINGS IN THE EVENINGS..."

"...AND AFTER A FEW HOURS SLEEP, WASHING DISHES IN AN ALL NIGHT RESTAURANT UNTIL IT WAS TIME TO GO TO THE DRESS LOFT..."

"BUT IT WAS WORTH THE SACRIFICES. AFTER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS, AS I PAID THE LAST NOTE TO MY UNCLE, ALFRED BURWELL, I WEPT..."

WELL, *HERE IT IS*, MILLIE! I'VE MARKED IT *PAID!* I'LL WAGER YOU'RE *GLAD* IT'S *ALL OVER*...

GLAD!? OVER! OH, *GOODBYE*, UNCLE ALFRED... SOB... *GOODBYE!*

"BUT EVEN AFTER THAT, I WAS TROUBLED. THERE WAS ONE MORE THING ON MY CONSCIENCE. I HAD ACTUALLY DECEIVED JULIA BANFIELD ABOUT THE PENDANT I'D RETURNED TO HER. I WANTED TO CONFESS THIS DECEPTION AND COMPLETELY WIPE THE SLATE CLEAN. AND SO, TONIGHT, I WENT TO SEE HER...

MILLIE? MILLIE *HORTON?!* I...I WOULDN'T HAVE *RECOGNIZED* YOU... I MEAN... WELL, YOU'VE *CHANGED SO* IN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

THEY'VE BEEN *HARD* YEARS, JULIA...BUT THEY'RE *OVER* NOW...EXCEPT FOR *ONE THING*...

"I TOLD JULIA THE WHOLE STORY..."

...SO AFTER I'D *LOST* IT, WE HAD THE *ORIGINAL JEWELERS* MAKE AN *EXACT COPY*, AND FOR THE *LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS*, I'VE BEEN *PAYING IT OFF*. BUT I FELT I *HAD* TO TELL YOU! IT WAS ON MY *CONSCIENCE!* I *KNOW* THE *ORIGINAL* HAD *SENTIMENTAL VALUE* FOR YOU...

OH, MILLIE... MILLIE...

"JULIA WENT TO THE WALL SAFE AND OPENED IT..."

WHY, MILLIE... WHY DIDN'T YOU *TELL* ME? *WHY* DID YOU *REMAIN SILENT?*

MY *PRIDE*, I GUESS...

"SHE RETURNED WITH THE GLITTERING PENDANT...THE SPARKLING JEWEL THAT HAD COMPLETELY GOVERNED MY LIFE..."

MILLIE, THIS IS *YOURS!* IT *BELONGS* TO YOU...*RIGHTFULLY*...

I... I *DON'T UNDERSTAND*...

SHORTLY AFTER JOHN *GAVE* ME THE PENDANT, WE RAN SHORT OF *CASH*. JOHN *SOLD* THE PENDANT IN *NEW YORK*...BUT BECAUSE *I* WAS *AFRAID* OF WHAT *PEOPLE HERE* WOULD *THINK*, I HAD HIM MAKE A *DUPLICATE* OF IT *BEFORE* HE SOLD IT. THE PENDANT I *LENT YOU* THAT NIGHT WAS A *CHEAP PASTE IMITATION*...

PASTE...!? OH... GOD...

SO, YOU *SEE* WHY THIS PENDANT, THOUGH WORTH A *FORTUNE*, IS *WORTHLESS TO ME!* IT *CAN'T* BUY BACK THE *YEARS*. IT *CAN'T* BRING BACK *LARRY* OR GIVE ME THE *CHILDREN* I NEVER HAD. IT IS ONLY A *GLITTERING BAUBLE*...A *MEMENTO* OF THE *TRAGEDY* OF *MY PRIDE* AND MY *ENVY* AND MY *HUNGER* FOR *MATERIAL THINGS*...THINGS THAT, *IN REALITY*, ARE NOTHING MORE THAN *SO MUCH PASTE!*

THE END

COMING ATTRACTIONS!

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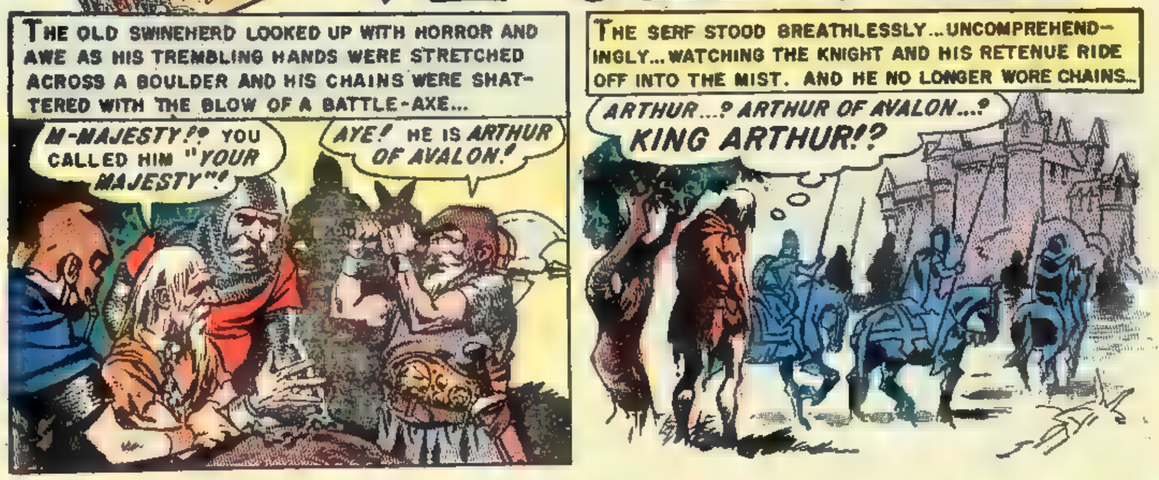
HERE IS A SCENE FROM ANOTHER OF E.C.'S "NEW DIRECTION" MAGS...

VALOR



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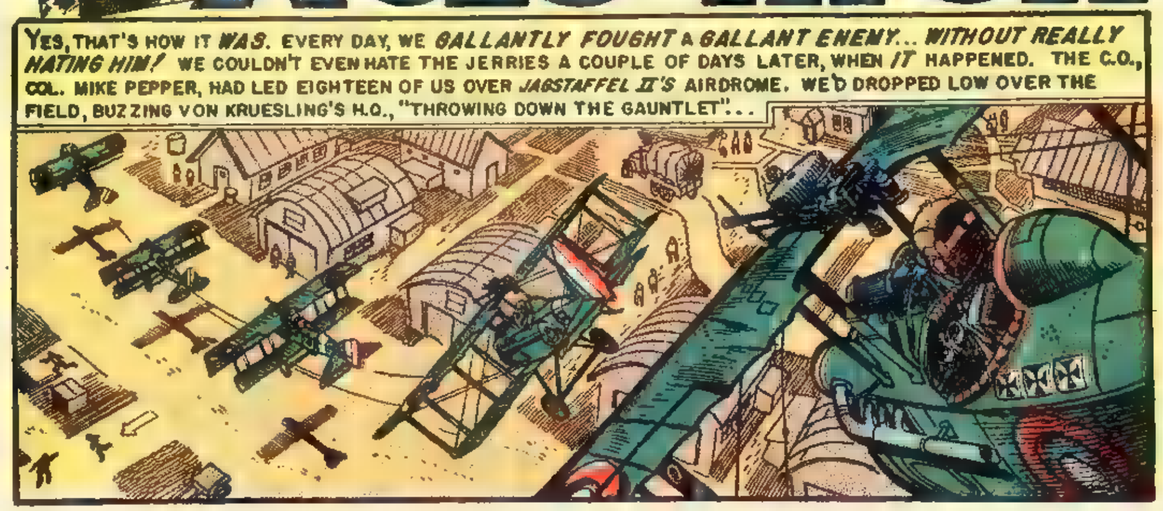

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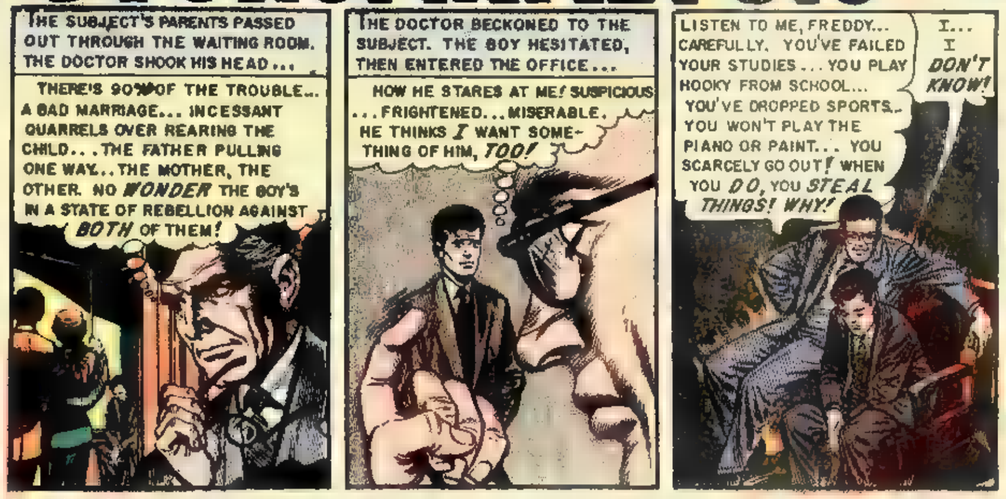

AS MANY OF YOU KNOW, WE AT E.C. HAVE BEEN HARD AT WORK PREPARING A COMPLETELY NEW LINE OF MAGAZINES TO REPLACE THE ONES WE'VE DROPPED! AFTER MUCH HEAD-SCRATCHING, NAIL-BITING, AND BRAIN-RACKING... FOLLOWED BY PLENTY OF PENCILING, INKING, AND EDITING... WE ARE AT LAST READY TO UNVEIL OUR "NEW DIRECTION" MAGAZINES! TO AROUSE YOUR CURIOSITY, WE'VE PRESENTED THIS UNVEILING IN THE FORM OF COMING ATTRACTIONS! NOW YOU'VE SEEN THEM!

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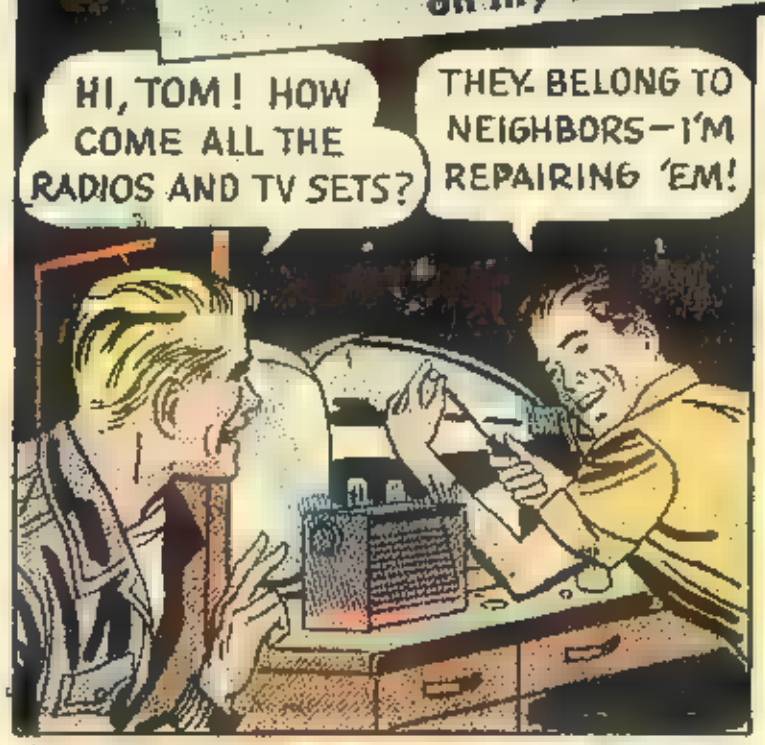

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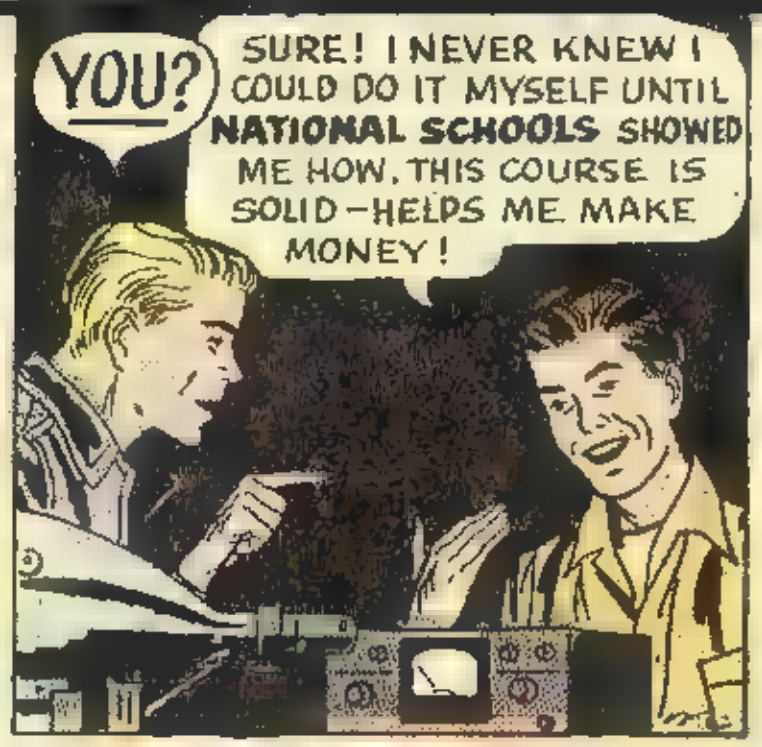

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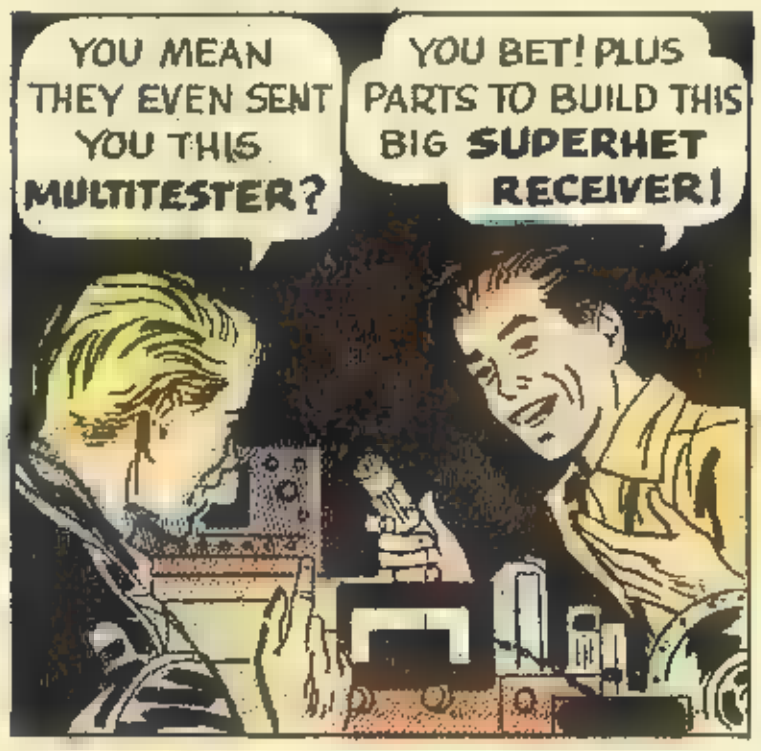

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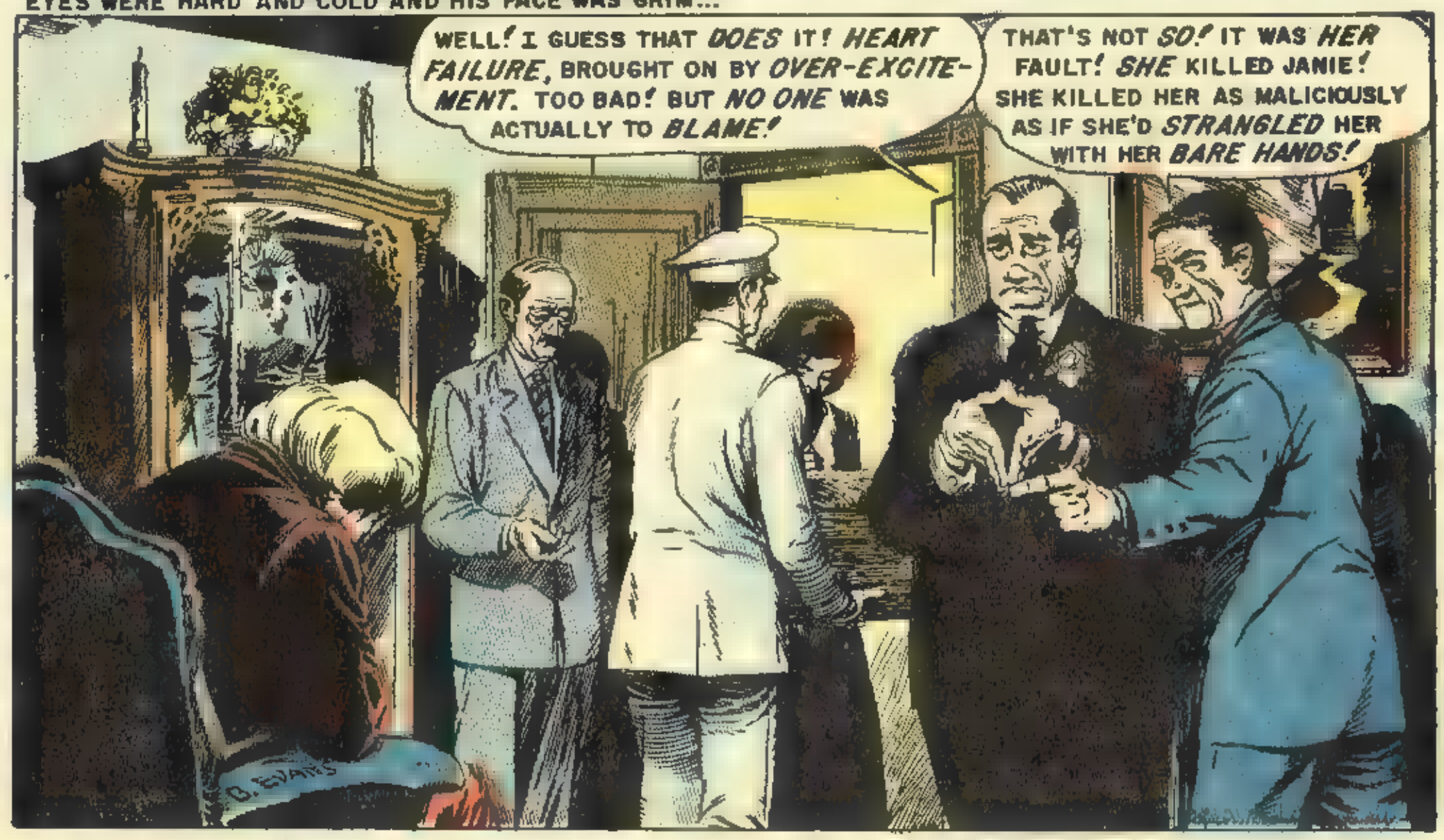
THE DRESS

THE OTHER BOARDERS WERE LEAVING THE ROOM SILENTLY, FOLLOWING BEHIND THE TWO WHITE-COATED MORGUE WAGON ATTENDANTS WHO CARRIED THE WICKER BASKET WITH ITS PITIFULLY LIGHT BURDEN. ONLY MARTIN PAULSON REMAINED. HE STOOD BESIDE MR. KRESS, THE CORONER, AND STARED AT AGATHA DONALD, SITTING ACROSS THE ROOM, SOBBING SOFTLY INTO A TEAR DAMPENED HANDKERCHIEF. AND MARTIN PAULSON'S EYES WERE HARD AND COLD AND HIS FACE WAS GRIM...



AGATHA DONALD'S SOBBING DRIFTED INTO SILENCE. HER THIN FACE TIGHTENED AND SHE STOOD UP, CLASPING HER BONY HANDS PRIMLY BEFORE HER...

"THE FIRST TIME I EVER SAW JANIE, SHE WAS DANCING AROUND THIS VERY ROOM WITH AN OLD SHAWL DRAPED OVER HER THIN SHOULDERS. SHE WAS PRETENDING THAT SHE WAS WEARING THE DRESS..."

WELL, *HELLO THERE!* ARE YOU THE *NEW BOARDERS?*

YOU'LL HAVE TO *FORGIVE* JANE. SHE WON'T *ANSWER!* SHE'S...WELL, SHE'S *REHEARSING*, MR...MR...?

PAULSON! MARTIN PAULSON! I LIVE UPSTAIRS! ER... *REHEARSING?*

IN A WAY! JANE WANTS TO WEAR HER GRAND-MOTHER'S DRESS THERE. I...I DON'T THINK SHE'S QUITE *READY* FOR IT. ER... MY NAME IS AGATHA DONALD. JANE IS MY NIECE...

OH, AUNT AGATHA! IT'S *SO* PRETTY. DON'T YOU THINK I'M *READY* NOW? I'VE *PRACTICED* AND *PRACTICED* TO WEAR THE DRESS! *CAN'T I...TODAY?*

NO, JANE! YOU *KNOW* YOU CAN'T! YOU'RE NOT *READY!*

BUT I *AM* READY! PLEASE! *PLEASE?*

NO! AND NO MORE BEGGING! YOU *KNOW* THAT EXCITEMENT ISN'T *GOOD* FOR YOU! YOU'LL HAVE TO *REST* NOW! IF MR. PAULSON WILL *EXCUSE* US...?

PLEASE, AGATHA? *PLEASE, TODAY?* I WON'T *HURT* IT!

YOU'RE HURTING *YOURSELF* BY BEING SO EMOTIONAL! I SAID *NO!* PERHAPS *TOMORROW...*

"EVEN THAT FIRST DAY, I COULD SEE HOW THINGS WERE. AGATHA WAS LIKE ICE. THE NEXT DAY, AS I PASSED THEIR ROOM, I COULD HEAR HER CLIPPED ACID VOICE THROUGH THE DOOR..."

I TOLD YOU *TWICE!* NOW YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO BE *PUNISHED!* THE CASE WILL BE *COVERED* FOR A WEEK. YOU'LL NOT *SEE* THE DRESS!

A *WHOLE WEEK!* OH, NO, AUNT AGATHA! *PLEASE!*

"AGATHA WAS CRUEL. TO JANE'S IMMATURE MIND, THAT GOWN MUST HAVE BEEN THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING IN THE WORLD, AND IT WASN'T LONG BEFORE WE ALL LEARNED HOW AGATHA USED IT AGAINST HER."

SO *THERE* YOU ARE! *WHERE IS IT?* THE *KEY* TO THE *CASE!* *GIVE IT TO ME!*

THE *KEY?* I... *I* DON'T HAVE ANY KEY, AUNT AGATHA! *HONESTLY,* I DON'T!

THAT'S NOT *TRUE*, JANE! *YOU* STOLE THE KEY! I LEFT IT ON THE DRESSER OF OUR ROOM AND NOW IT'S *GONE*! *GIVE IT TO ME!*

I...I... I ONLY WANTED TO *TOUCH* THE DRESS! AUNT AGATHA, *DON'T* PUNISH ME! WHY CAN'T I JUST *TOUCH* THE DRESS?

BECAUSE YOU DO *BAD THINGS!* LIKE TAKING *KEYS!* DO YOU THINK I'D *LET* YOU TOUCH YOUR GRANDMOTHER'S DRESS WHEN YOU'RE SO *BAD?*

BAD? REALLY, MISS DONALD! JANIE COULDN'T MEAN ANY *HARM!* IT SEEMS LIKE SUCH A *SMALL* THING! WHY *FRIGHTEN* THE CHILD SO?

"BUT AGATHA DIDN'T ANSWER ME. I FIGURED IT OUT AFTER A WHILE. AGATHA WAS AN OLD MAID. SHE WAS DRIED UP...EMPTY. IT GAVE HER PLEASURE TO MAKE JANE CRINGE. I HAD TO INTERFERE..."

JANE, WHY ARE YOU CRYING? WHAT'S WRONG?

IT...IT'S AUNT AGATHA. SHE...SHE SAID SHE'D *SELL* THE DRESS...JUST BECAUSE I WANDERED *AWAY* THIS AFTERNOON AND SHE HAD TO *LOOK* FOR ME!

SHE SAID IF IT HAPPENED *AGAIN*, SHE'D MAKE SURE I'D NEVER *SEE* THE DRESS AGAIN. MR. PAULSON, IT'S *MY DRESS!*

AND YOUR MOTHER LEFT IT IN *MY CARE*... AS SHE LEFT *YOU* IN MY CARE!

YOUR *CHEEKS* ARE FLUSHED, JANE! I THINK YOU'D BETTER GO IN AND GO TO *BED!* I'M SURE MR. PAULSON WILL *EXCUSE* YOU!

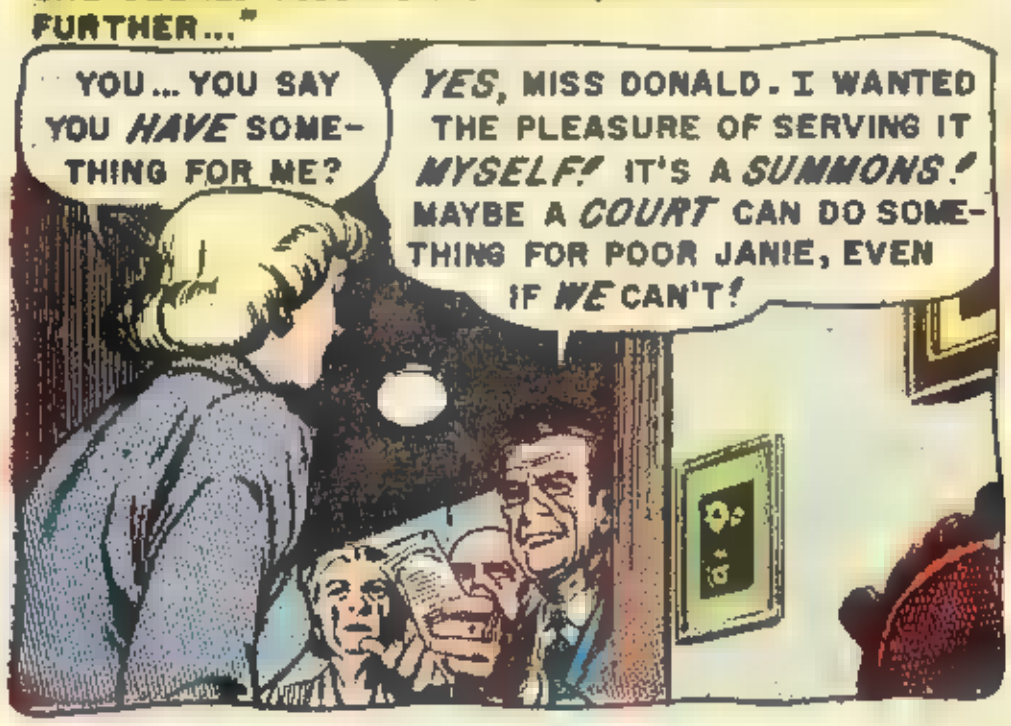
I CAN EXCUSE JANIE...BUT NOT *YOU*, MISS DONALD! IT MUST BE *GREAT FUN* TO BULLY A HELPLESS CHILD, BUT I'M AFRAID *MY* TASTES RUN *DIFFERENTLY*...

YOU DON'T *UNDERSTAND*, MR. PAULSON! JANE ISN'T *WELL!* SHE ISN'T WELL *AT ALL!*

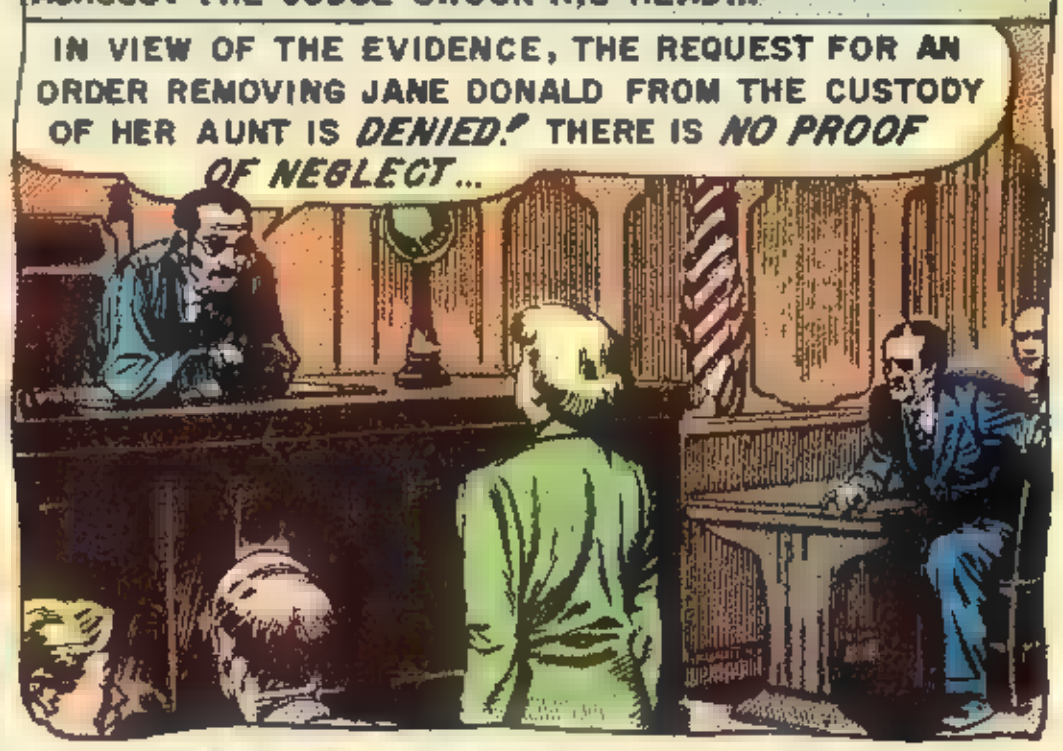
THEN WHY NOT GIVE HER A *BREAK?* OR DO I *KNOW?* THAT DRESS IS LIKE A *WHIP*, ISN'T IT? AS LONG AS YOU CAN HOLD IT OVER HER *HEAD*, YOU CAN GO ON *TORMENTING* HER! YOU'RE *QUITE A WOMAN*, MISS DONALD!

"*I* WAS THE ONE WHO BEGAN THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST AGATHA. I HEARD JANIE CRY SO MANY TIMES... AND SHE WAS SO SWEET...SO GENTLE! IT WASN'T *FAIR!* IT WASN'T *RIGHT* THAT AGATHA SHOULD GO UNPUNISHED. *I* STARTED THE CAMPAIGN OF *SILENCE*..."

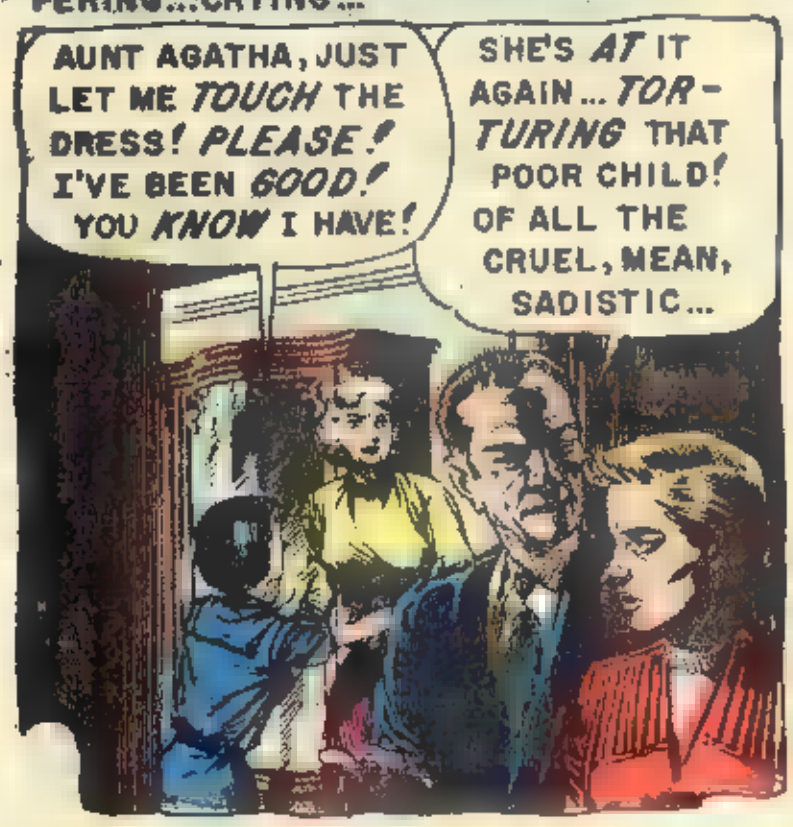
"WE WALLED AGATHA OFF...BUT SHE NEVER ONCE ASKED WHY. I GUESS IT WASN'T THE FIRST TIME THAT PEOPLE HAD SHOWN THEIR CONTEMPT FOR HER. SHE SEEMED USED TO IT. THEN, WE WENT A STEP FURTHER..."



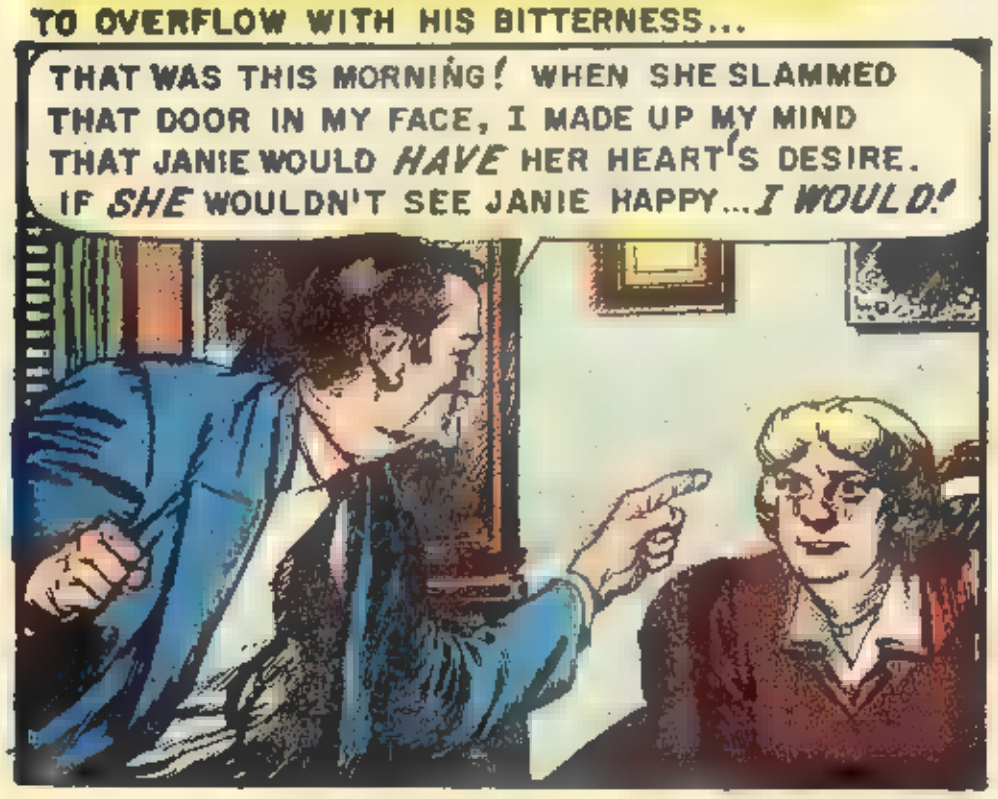
"EVERY ONE OF US WAS AT THE HEARING. WE TOLD OUR STORIES. BUT A THING LIKE THAT IS HARD TO GET ACROSS. THE JUDGE SHOOK HIS HEAD..."



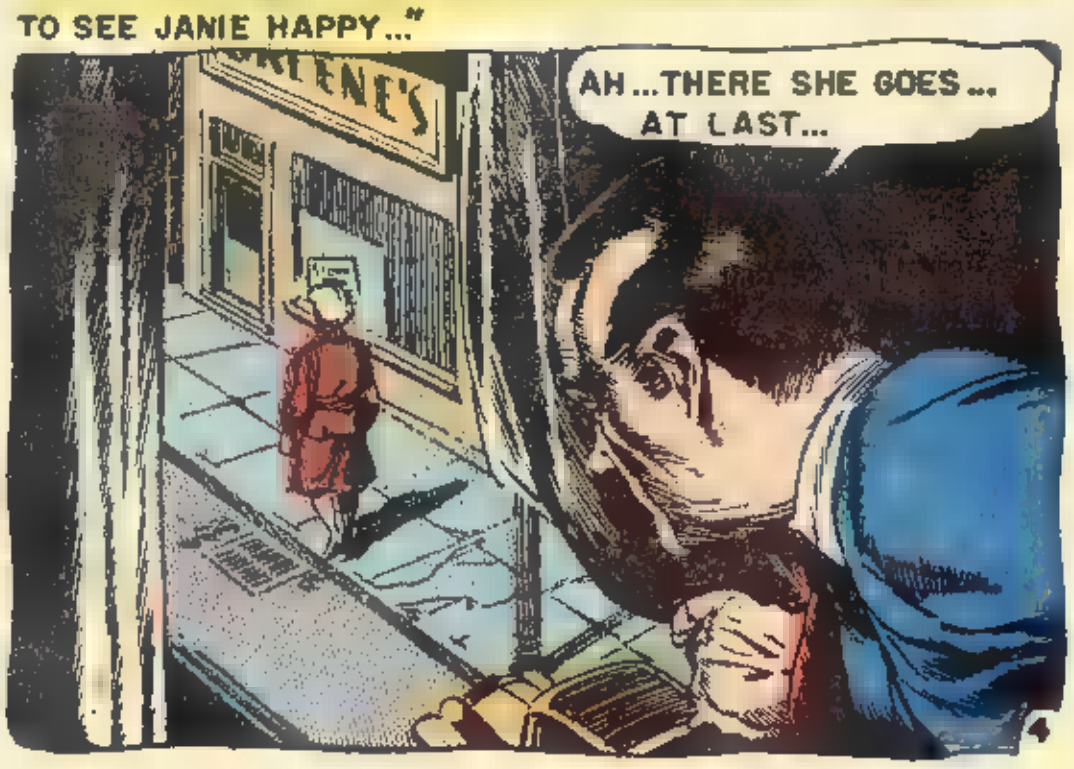
"I HATED AGATHA AFTER THAT. I ADMIT IT. SHE WAS SO SMUG. SHE'D BEATEN US. AND JANIE WENT ON LONGING...SUFFERING...CRYING..."



MARTIN PAULSON TURNED FROM THE CORONER TO AGATHA DONALD, AND THE WHOLE ROOM SEEMED TO OVERFLOW WITH HIS BITTERNESS...

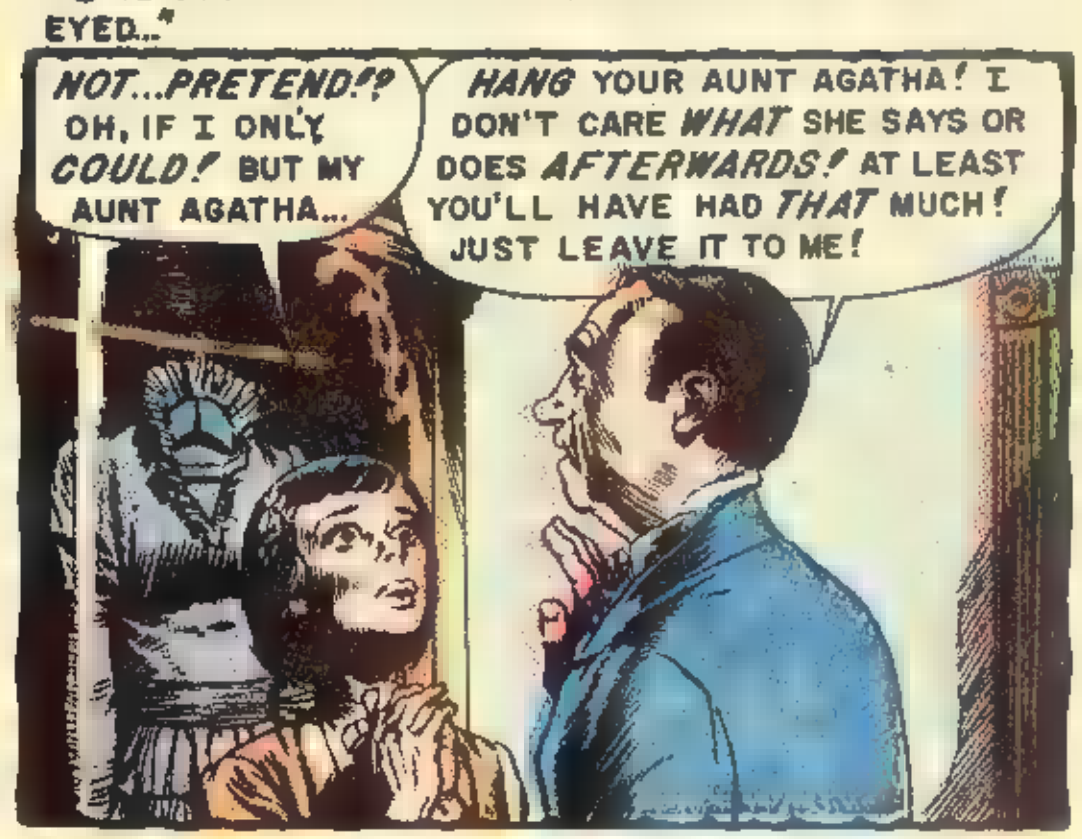


"I WENT UP TO MY ROOM AND SAT FOR HOURS BY THE WINDOW... WAITING...WAITING FOR HER TO GO OUT. MAYBE WHAT I PLANNED WAS WRONG. I ONLY KNEW I WANTED TO SEE JANIE HAPPY..."



"I WENT DOWNSTAIRS AND JANIE WAS THERE, JUST AS I'D KNOWN SHE'D BE. SHE WAS REHEARSING AGAIN... PRACTICING HOW SHE WOULD MOVE AND WALK WHEN SHE FINALLY GOT TO WEAR HER GRANDMOTHER'S DRESS..."

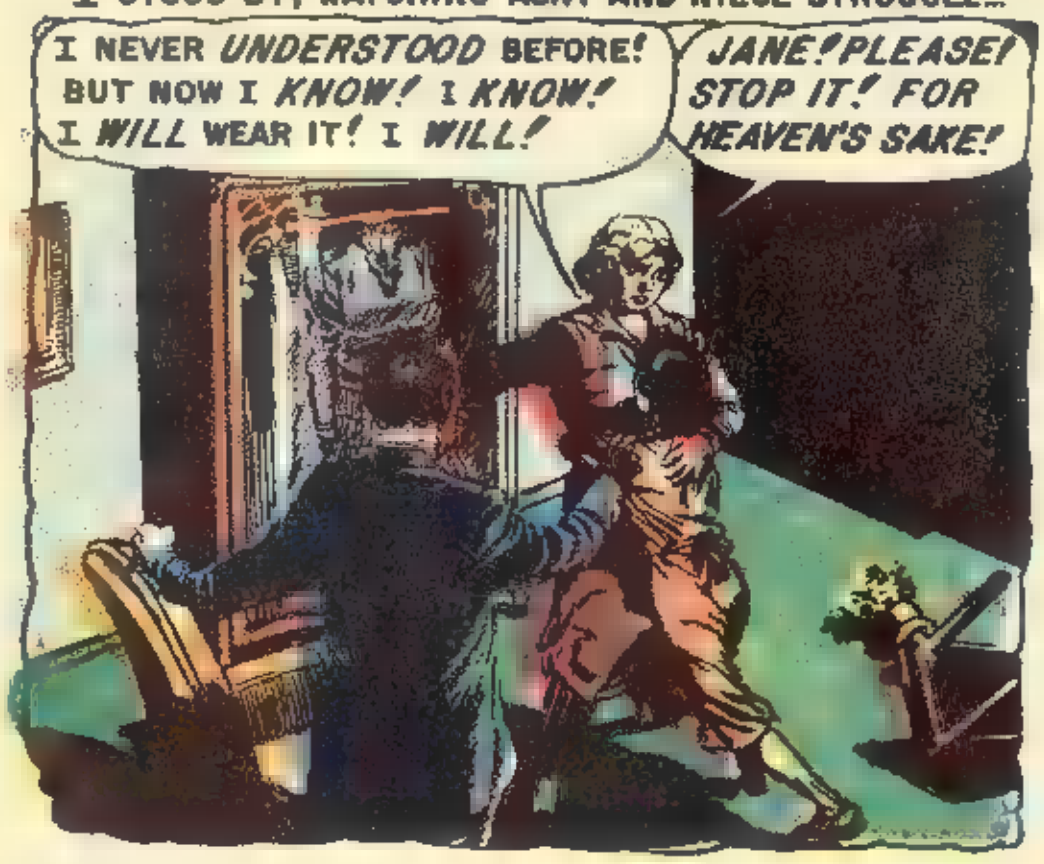
"SHE STOPPED AND TURNED, STARING AT ME WIDE-EYED..."



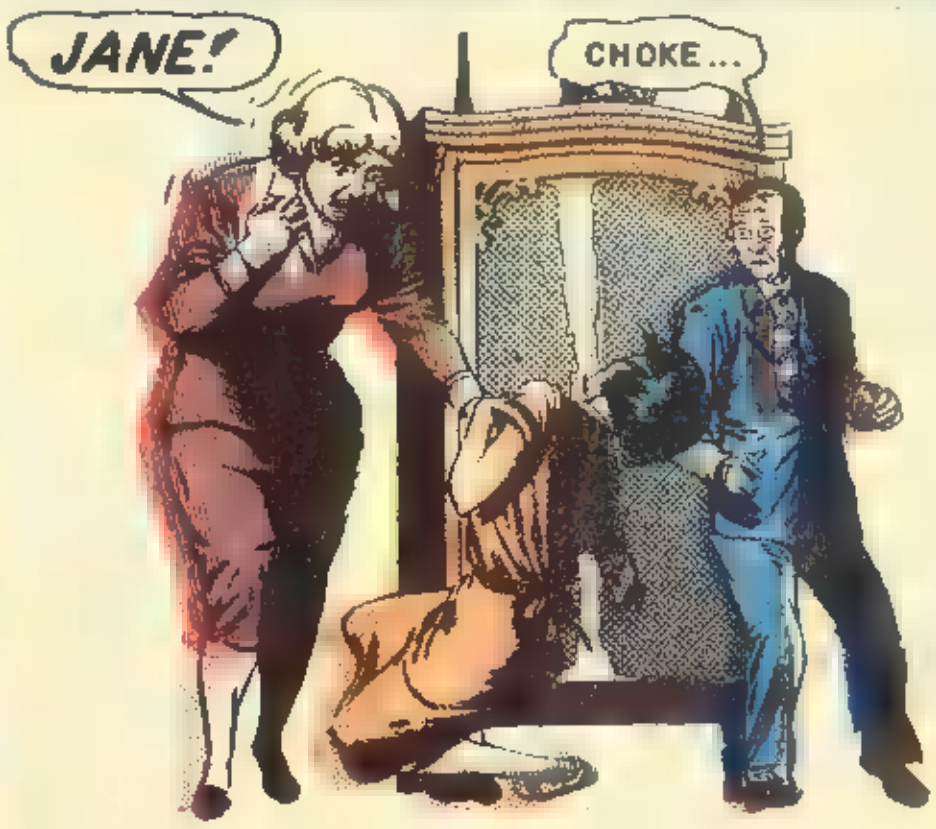
"THE LOCK ON THE GLASS CASE WAS OLD AND FRAGILE AND FLIMSY. IT DIDN'T TAKE MUCH FORCING TO SNAP IT OPEN! BUT I NEVER GOT THE CHANCE TO REMOVE THE DRESS..."

"AGATHA HAD RETURNED SOONER THAN I EXPECTED. SHE RUSHED TO THE CASE, PUSHED ME AWAY. JANIE SCREAMED..."

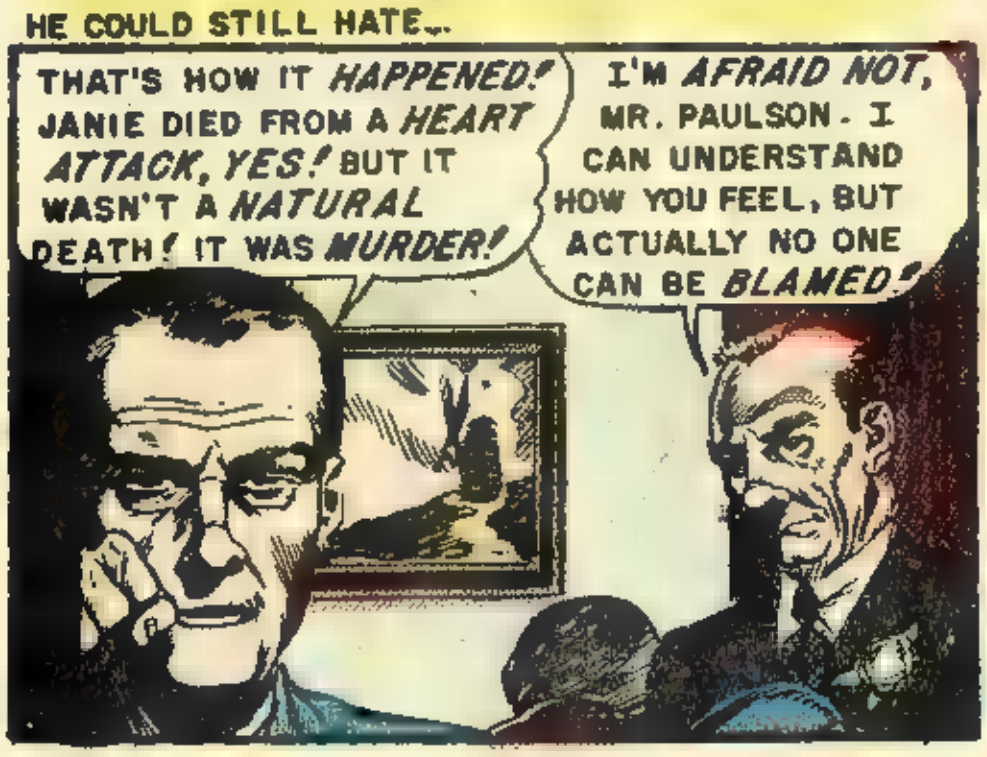
"I STOOD BY, WATCHING AUNT AND NIECE STRUGGLE..."



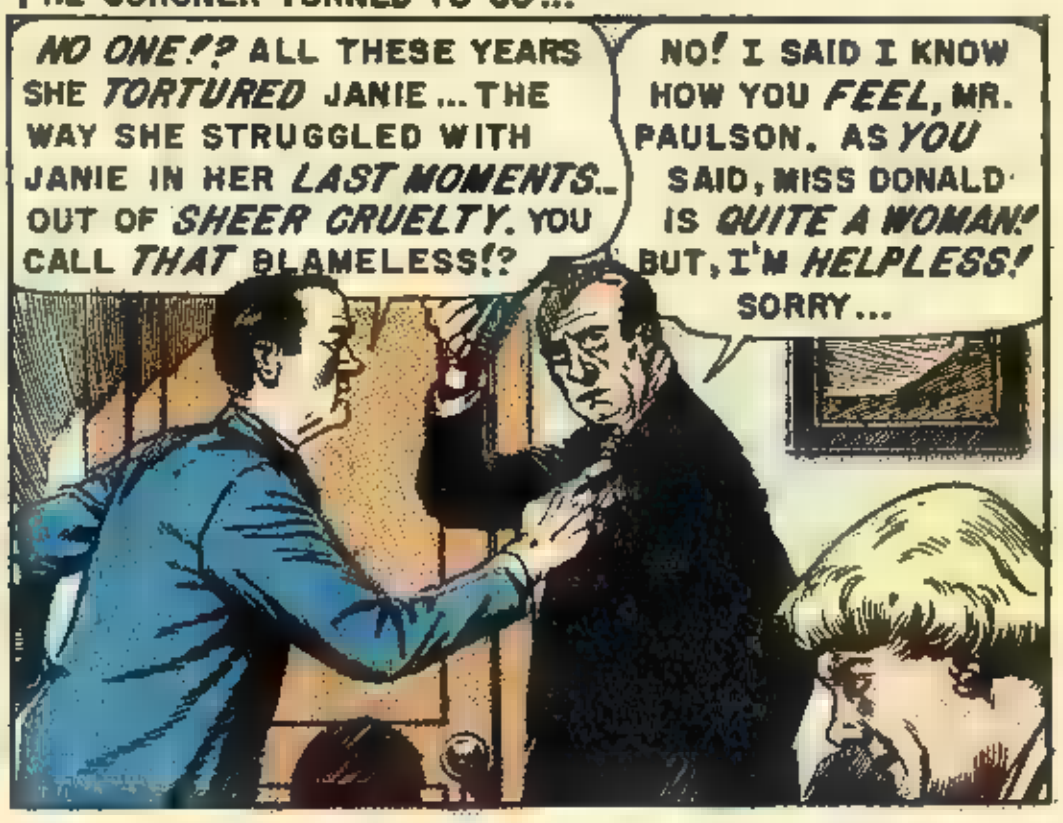
"AND I WATCHED, HORRIFIED, AS JANE CLUTCHED AT HER CHEST AND COLLAPSED LIKE A RAG DOLL..."



MARTIN PAULSON'S VOICE DIED AWAY. THERE WAS NO MORE TO TELL. HE FELT EMPTY... DRAINED. BUT HE COULD STILL HATE...



THE CORONER TURNED TO GO...

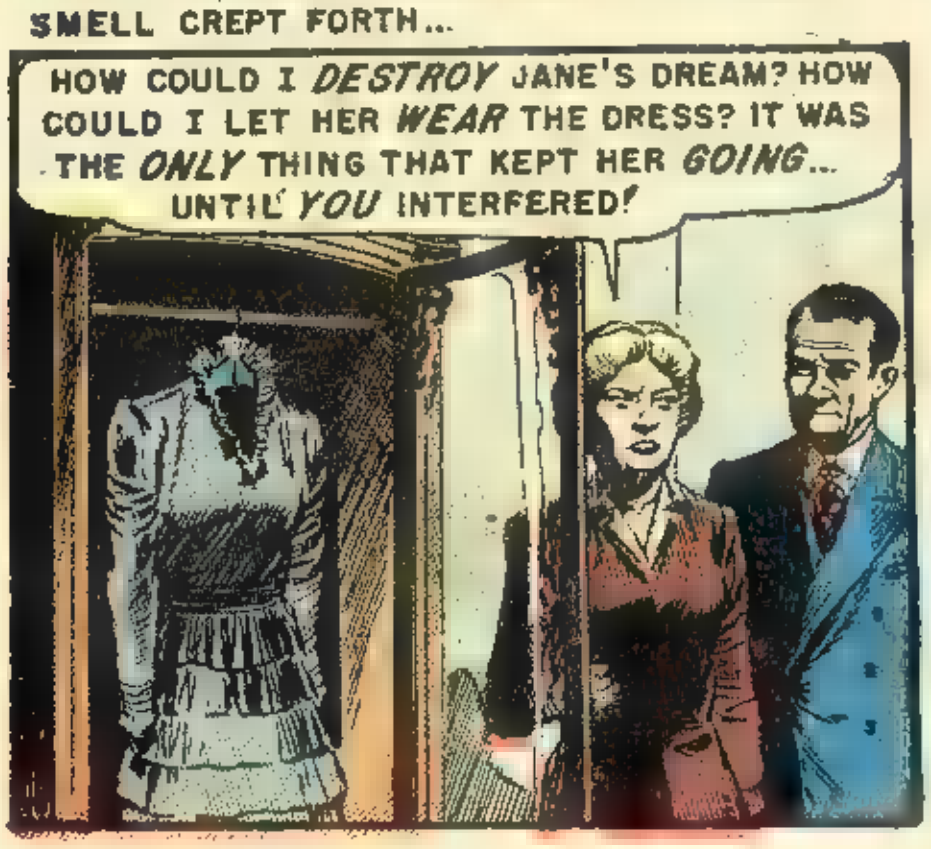


THE CORONER WALKED OUT, WITH HIS CONTEMPT FOR AGATHA ETCHED IN HIS FACE. BUT AGATHA DID NOT SEEM TO NOTICE. SHE STOOD THERE, STIFFLY... CALMLY. MARTIN STARTED TO LEAVE...

AGATHA MOVED TO THE CASE CONTAINING THE DRESS...

IT WAS SUCH AN OBVIOUS LIE. MARTIN'S LIPS CURLED IN A SNEER. WHEN HE SPOKE, HE ALMOST SPAT THE WORDS...

AGATHA OPENED THE GLASS CASE. A MUSTY SMELL CREPT FORTH...



AGATHA DONALD REACHED OUT AND TOUCHED THE PALE MAUVE SATIN... AND THE SATIN WAS OLD... SO OLD... SO ROTTEN. IT SHREDDED AND RAN... LIKE DUST...

MARTIN PAULSON PALED. HE TRIED TO CLEAR THE LUMP THAT HAD COME UP IN HIS THROAT. BUT IT DIDN'T GO AWAY. IT NEVER WOULD!

-THE END-

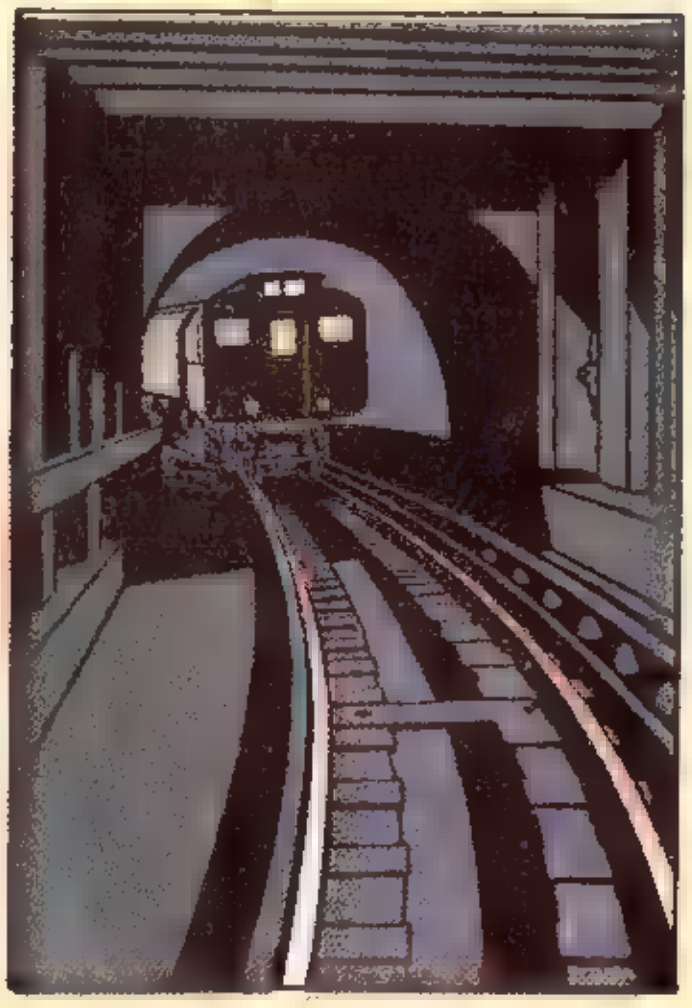
MASTER RACE

YOU CAN *NEVER FORGET*, CAN YOU, CARL REISSMAN? EVEN *HERE*...IN *AMERICA*...TEN YEARS AND THOUSANDS OF MILES AWAY FROM YOUR NATIVE GERMANY...YOU CAN NEVER FORGET THOSE *BLOODY WAR YEARS*. THOSE MEMORIES WILL HAUNT YOU FOREVER...AS EVEN NOW THEY HAUNT YOU WHILE YOU DESCEND THE SUBWAY STAIRS INTO THE QUIET SEMI-DARKNESS...

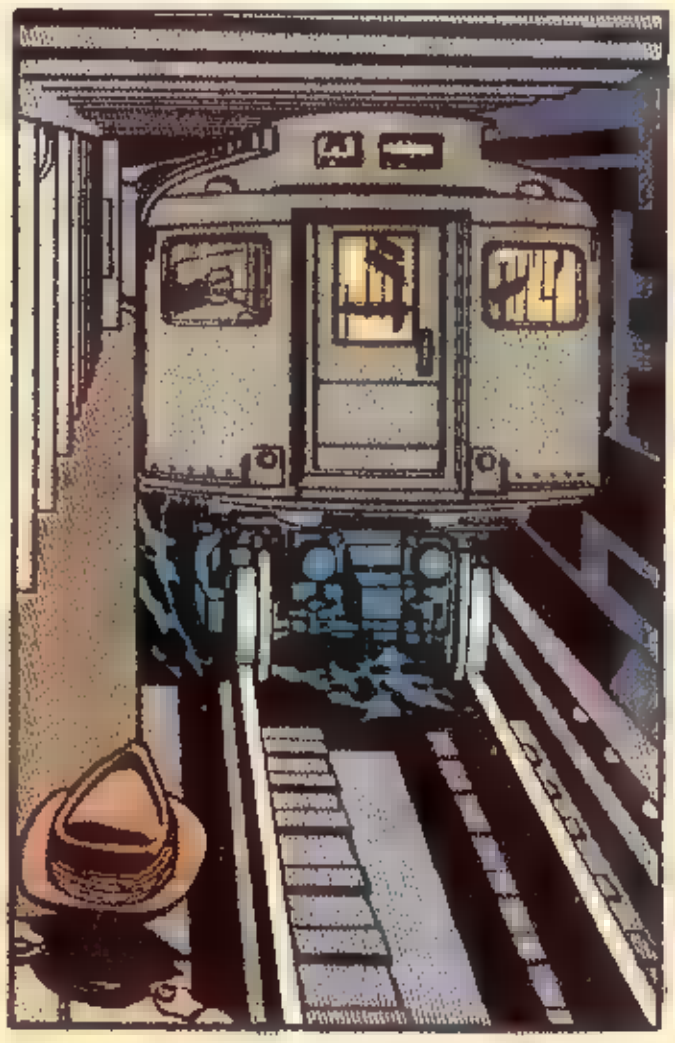
YOUR ACCENT IS STILL THICK ALTHOUGH YOU HAVE MASTERED THE LANGUAGE OF YOUR NEW COUNTRY THAT TOOK YOU IN WITH OPEN ARMS WHEN YOU FINALLY ESCAPED FROM BELSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP. YOU SLIDE THE BILL UNDER THE BARRED CHANGE-BOOTH WINDOW...

YOU MOVE TO THE BUSY CLICKING TURNSTILES...SLIP THE SHINY TOKEN INTO THE THIN SLOT...AND PUSH THROUGH...

THE TRAIN ROARS OUT OF THE BLACK CAVERN, SHATTERING THE SILENCE OF THE ALMOST DESERTED STATION...



YOU STARE AT THE ONRUSHING STEEL MONSTER...



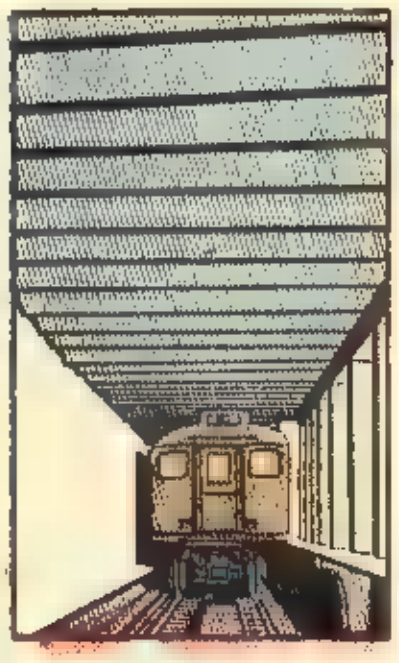
YOU BLINK AS THE FIRST CAR RUSHES BY AND ILLUMINATED WINDOWS FLASH IN AN EVER-SLOWING RHYTHM...

AND THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A HISSING STOP...

YOU MOVE TO THE DOOR AS IT SLIDES OPEN. A PASSENGER EMERGES AND YOU FEEL HIS EYES UPON YOU AND YOU SHUDDER. WHY ARE YOU FRIGHTENED, CARL? THAT WAS A *LONG TIME AGO!* THIS ■ *AMERICA.* YOU'RE *SAFE* NOW! YOU'RE *FREE*...

BUT YOU *ARE* AFRAID, *AREN'T* YOU, CARL? YOU'LL *ALWAYS* BE AFRAID. YOU'LL *KEEP REMEMBERING*... REMEMBERING THE *HORROR*... THE *HATE*... THE *SUFFERING*... AND YOU'LL *STAY* AFRAID. YOU STEP INTO THE ALMOST-EMPTY CAR AND YOU SIGH INTO A SEAT..

THE DOORS SLAM SHUT. THE TRAIN LURCHES AND ROLLS AHEAD, THUNDERING OUT OF THE STATION AND BACK INTO THE BLACK CHASMS TUNNELING BENEATH THE CITY. YOU UNFOLD YOUR PAPER...



YOU TRY TO READ, BUT THE WORDS ARE MEANINGLESS. NOTHING HAS MEANING ANY MORE... NOTHING BUT THE SICKENING SENSATION THAT HAS PLAGUED YOU FOR OVER TEN LONG YEARS. THE CONCENTRATION CAMP HAS LEFT ITS MARK UPON YOU, HASN'T IT, CARL REISSMAN?

YOU LOOK AROUND AT YOUR FELLOW PASSENGERS SITTING ALONE ■ THEIR OWN LITTLE WORLDS OF FEAR. YOU STUDY THEIR FACES... THEIR FEATURES... THEIR EYES... LOOKING... ALWAYS LOOKING. WHAT ARE YOU *LOOKING* FOR CARL? WHO *IS* IT YOU'RE *AFRAID* OF?

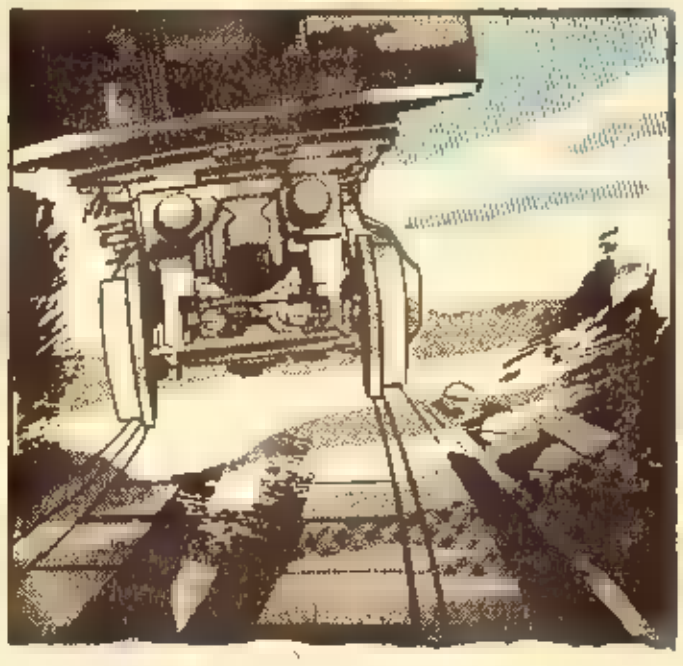
THE TRAIN GROANS INTO ANOTHER STATION AND JERKS TO A STOP. THE DOORS HUM WIDE. YOU LOOK DOWN AT YOUR PAPER, ONLY *SENSING* PEOPLE GETTING OFF...

...SOMEONE GETTING ON...

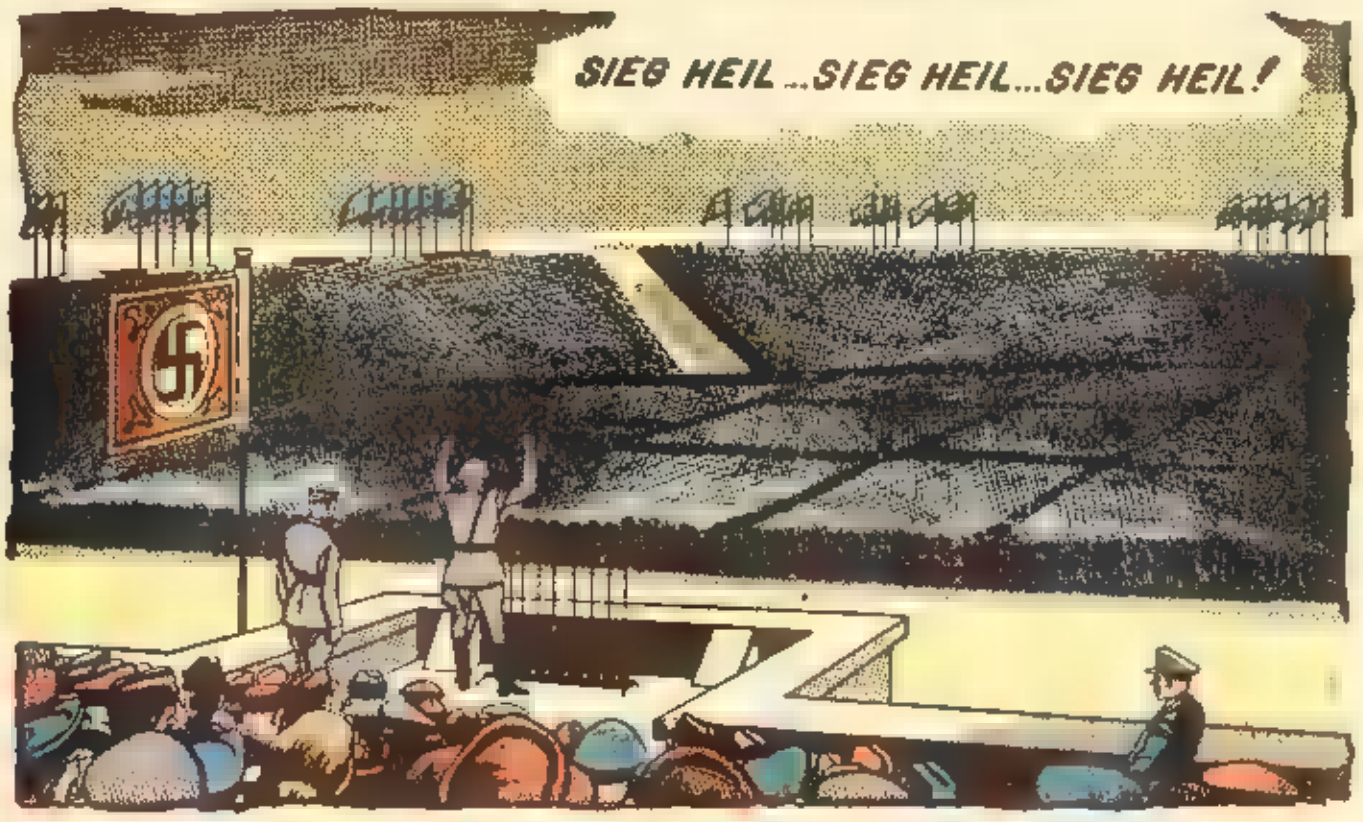
AND THEN...DOWN DEEP INSIDE YOU... YOU FEEL THE CHILL... THE COLD CHILL ...THE CHILL OF DEATH. YOU STARE AT THE PAPER ON YOUR LAP, UNABLE TO RAISE YOUR EYES...AFRAID TO SEE WHAT YOU KNOW IS THERE. BUT, AFTER A FEW TERRORIZED MOMENTS, YOU CAN'T STAND IT! YOU *DO* LOOK UP! AND YOU *SEE* HIM...

HE SITS STIFFLY, READING HIS PAPER, NOT LOOKING AT YOU, NOT NOTICING YOU. BUT *YOU'VE* SEEN *HIM*, CARL! YOU'VE SEEN HIS *FACE*... THE ONE YOU *KNEW* SOMEDAY YOU'D SEE AGAIN... THE FACE YOU'VE BEEN *AFRAID* TO SEE FOR *TEN LONG YEARS*. YOUR MOUTH TWITCHES. YOUR HANDS OPEN AND CLOSE, WET WITH PERSPIRATION...

THE TRAIN SCREAMS AROUND A CURVE IN ITS SUBTERRANIAN ROUTE ...AND THE SCREAM IS SHRILL AND SHARP... SETTING YOUR TEETH ON EDGE... REACHING BACK INTO THE PAST...



...TO ANOTHER SHRILL SCREAM... THE SCREAM OF A LITTLE MAN WITH WILD EYES AND BLACK HAIR AND A SMALL BLACK MOUSTACHE...



REMEMBER, CARL? REMEMBER THE LITTLE MAN IN THE UNIFORM WHO STOOD FIRST BEFORE SMALL GROUPS... THEN BEFORE CROWDS... AND FINALLY BEFORE MULTITUDES... AND SCREAMED AND SCREAMED THEM INTO AN HYSTERICAL MISSION OF WORLD CONQUEST. *YOU* WERE THERE... IN ONE OF THOSE CROWDS. REMEMBER?

AND WHEN THE LITTLE MAN HAD STOPPED SCREAMING AND THE CROWD HAD DISPERSED, REMEMBER THE SICKENING FEELING YOU HAD... THE REVULSION AND NAUSEA YOU FELT AS YOU TRUDGED HOME?...

THERE WERE *OTHERS* LIKE YOU, CARL...

...*OTHERS* WHO WERE *SICK* AND *REVOLTED* AND *NAUSEATED* AT THE SCREAMING PROPOSALS OF THIS LITTLE MAN. BUT *THEY* COULDN'T STOP THE TIDE, *COULD* THEY, CARL? *THEY* COULDN'T STEM THE FLOW OF HATE THAT POURED THROUGH THE STREETS WITH CLUBS AND GUNS AND THE ECHOES OF THE LITTLE MAN'S SCREAMS URGING IT ON...

NO ONE COULD STOP THE BOOKS FROM BEING BURNED...

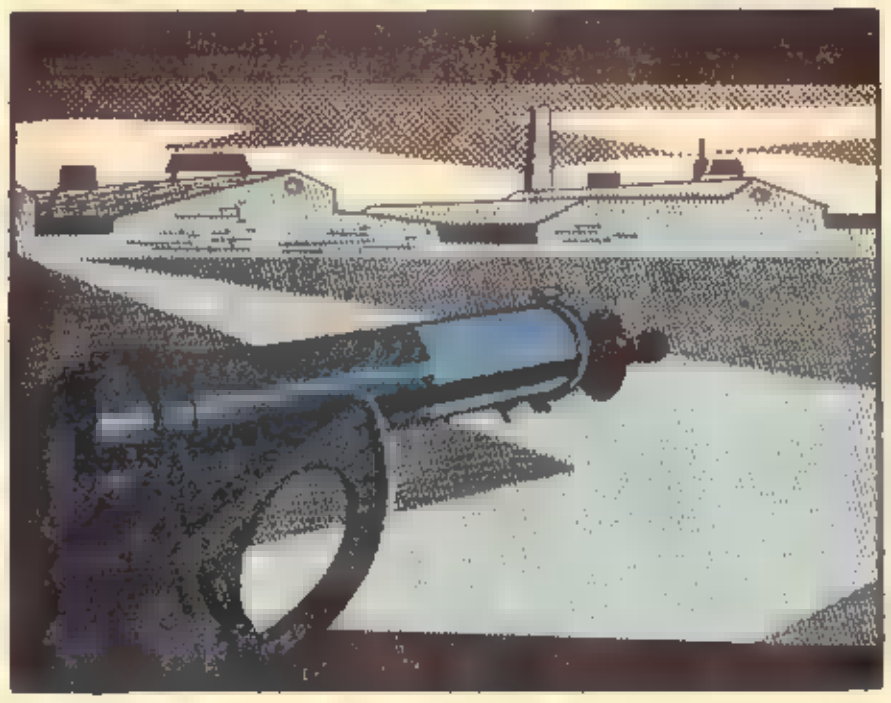
...OR THE SHOP WINDOWS FROM BEING SMASHED AND THEIR CONTENTS RANSACKED...

...OR THE SANCTITY OF HOMES FROM BEING VIOLATED...

IT WAS A MADNESS... A WAVE THAT SWEPT THROUGH YOUR HOMELAND LIKE A PLAGUE... A TIDAL WAVE OF FRENZIED HATE-FEARS AND BLOOD-LETTING AND EXPLODING VIOLENCE... A WILD UNCONTROLLED WAVE THAT SWEPT YOU AND YOUR KIND ALONG WITH IT...

WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU, CARL? WHEN WERE YOU CAUGHT UP IN THIS TIDE? WHEN DID YOU FIRST SEE BELSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP AND THE HUMAN MISERY THAT SOBBED WITHIN ITS BARBED-WIRE WALLS?...

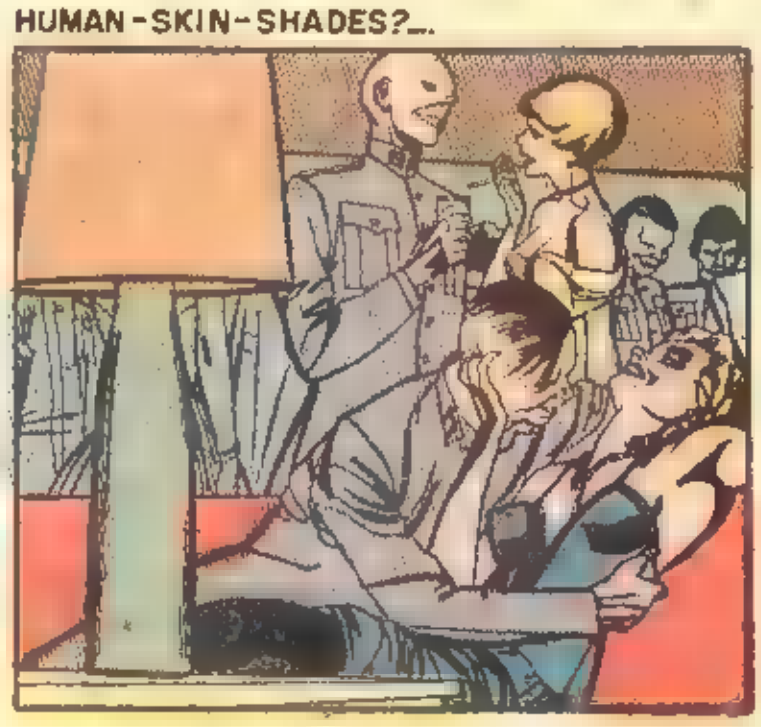
DO YOU REMEMBER, CARL? DO YOU REMEMBER THE AWFUL SMELL OF THE GAS CHAMBERS THAT HOURLY ANNIHILATED HUNDREDS AND HUNDREDS OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN?...



DO YOU REMEMBER THE STINKING ODOR OF HUMAN FLESH BURNING IN THE OVENS... MEN'S... WOMEN'S... CHILDREN'S... PEOPLE YOU ONCE KNEW AND TALKED TO AND DRANK BEER WITH?...

DO YOU REMEMBER THE UNMERCIFUL TORTURES...THE SCREAMS IN THE NIGHT...THE PITIFUL WAILING OF THE DOOMED? DO YOU REMEMBER THE MAD EXPERIMENTS WITH HUMAN GUINEA PIGS...THE WANTON WASTE OF HUMAN LIFE?...

...THE BULBS THAT BURNED IN LAMPS ON DESKS IN THE CONCENTRATION CAMP OFFICES...GLOWING THROUGH THEIR HUMAN-SKIN-SHADES?...

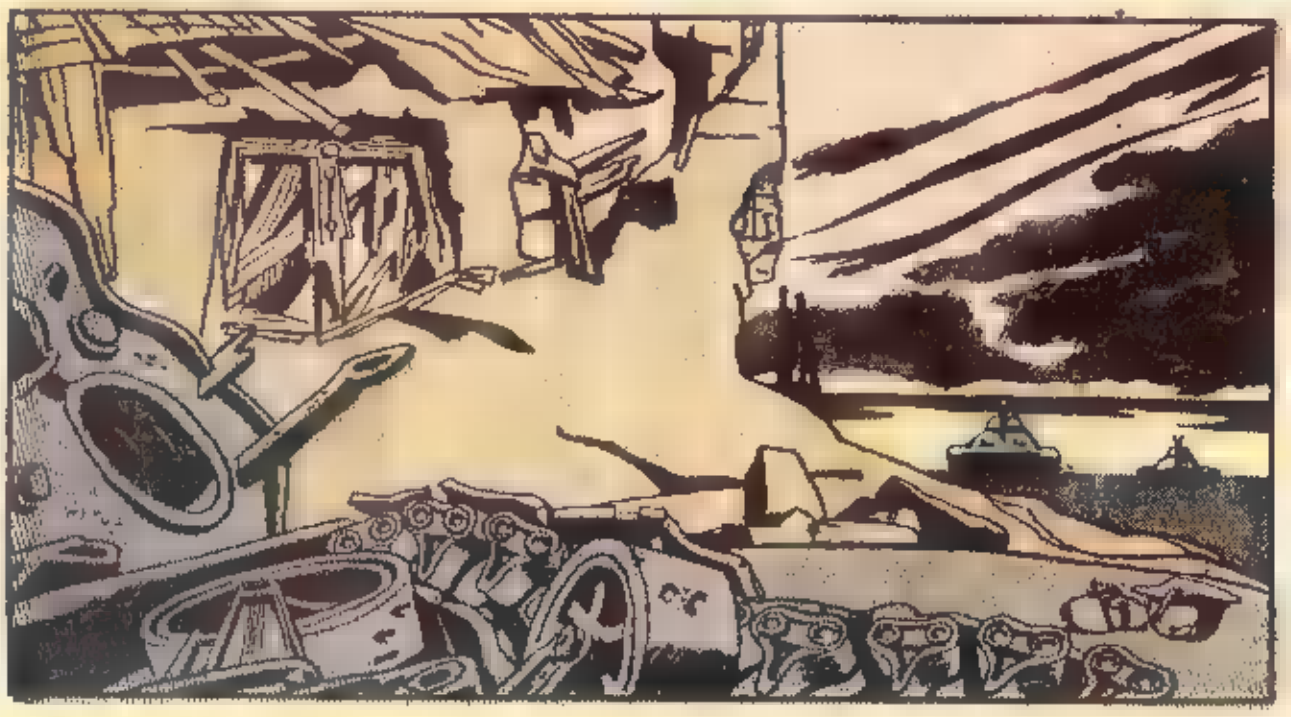


LOOK, CARL! LOOK AT THE FACE OF THIS MAN SITTING ACROSS FROM YOU IN THIS NOW DESERTED SUBWAY CAR! LOOK...AND REMEMBER! REMEMBER THE GUARDS THAT GLEEFULLY CARRIED OUT THE SADISTIC ORDERS OF THE MASTER RACE...WHIPPING...KICKING... BEATING!... THE GUARDS THAT EAGERLY DRAGGED THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN TO THE WAITING, SMOKING OVENS!...

REMEMBER THE GUARDS THAT PUSHED AND SHOVED...HEAPING THE HELPLESS CAMP INMATES INTO THE FRESH DUG MASS GRAVES...

...LAUGHING WILDLY AS THEY BURIED THEIR VICTIMS ALIVE...SHOVELING THE DIRT DOWN UPON THEM, MUFFLING THEIR PATHETIC SCREAMS ...MUFFLING THEIR PATHETIC LIVES!...

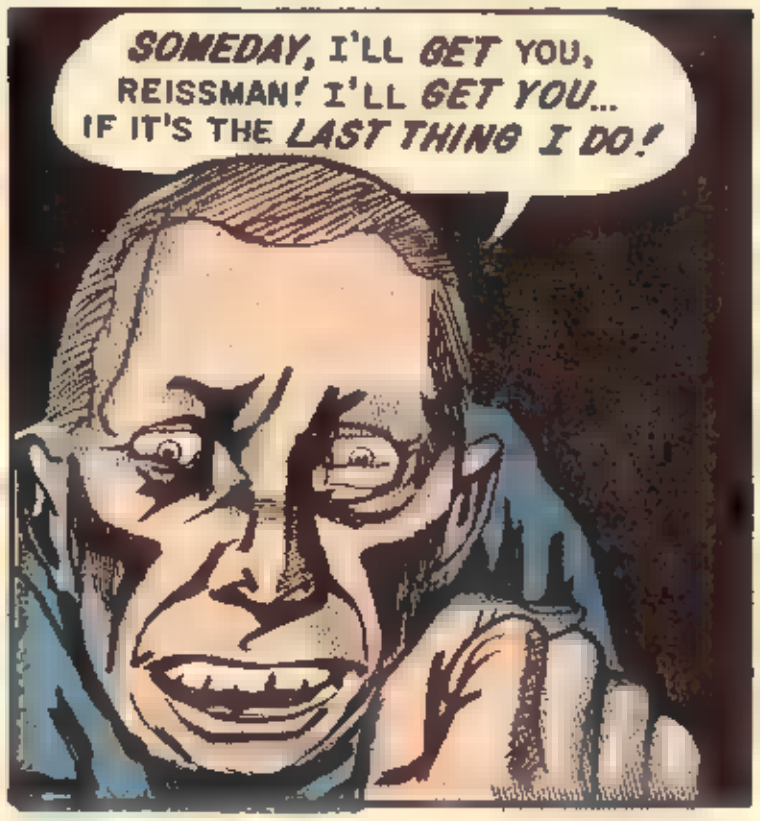
LOOK AT THIS MAN AND REMEMBER, CARL! REMEMBER HIS FACE... THE LOOK THAT CAME INTO HIS EYES WHEN THE NEWS CAME THAT THE RUSSIANS WERE ONLY A FEW KILOMETERS AWAY! IT WAS OVER FOR YOU, THEN, CARL! THE KILLING AND MAIMING AND TORTURING WAS SUDDENLY OVER FOR YOU!



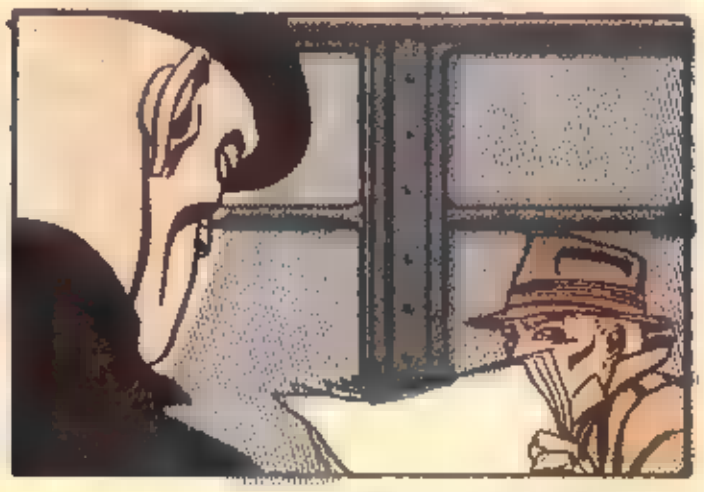
AND THEN YOU WERE *FREE*... RUNNING *PELL-MELL ACROSS EUROPE*, HIDING YOUR *CLOTHES*, LOSING YOURSELF IN AMONG THE STREAMS OF REFUGEES THAT CHOKED THE ROADS AND HIGHWAYS BEFORE THE ADVANCING ALLIED ARMIES...

AND NOW HE'S *LOOKING* AT YOU. HE'S LOOKING AT YOUR *HAIR*... AT YOUR *LIPS*... YOUR *NOSE*... DEEP INTO YOUR *FRIGHTENED EYES*. AND A SPARK OF *FAR-AWAY, LONG-AGO RECOGNITION* IGNITES HIS FACE...

AND YET IT *WASN'T* OVER, BECAUSE HE LOOKED AT YOU AND *SWORE*...



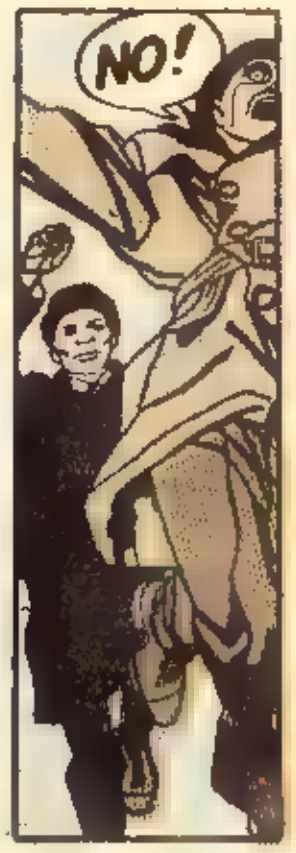
AND YET YOU *WEREN'T* FREE, CARL! EVEN THOUGH YOU SOMEHOW *GOT* TO AMERICA, YOU *NEVER FORGOT!* YOU NEVER FORGOT HIS *PROMISE!* SO YOU CARRIED THE FEAR *WITH* YOU FOR *TEN YEARS* AND *NOW* IT'S *CAUGHT UP* WITH YOU! HE'S *THERE*... SITTING *OPPOSITE* YOU... FEELING YOUR FRIGHTENED STARING EYES UPON HIM...



HE RISES SLOWLY, HIS MOUTH SET IN A GRIM TAUT LINE, HIS EYES CLOUD WITH HATE, HIS FISTS CLENCH...

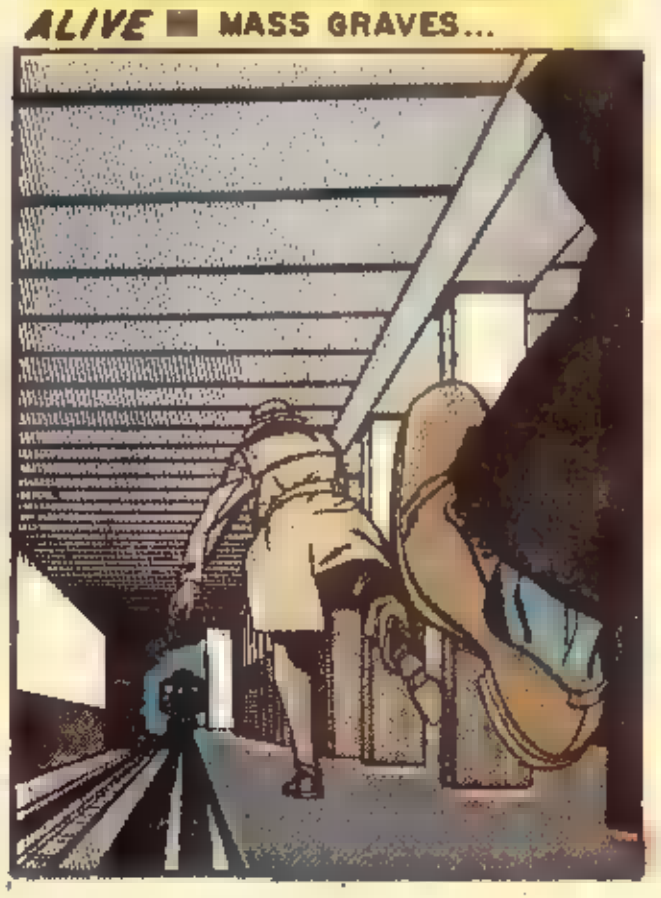
THE TRAIN GRINDS TO A STOP. THE DOORS SLIDE OPEN. HE'S COMING *TOWARD* YOU, CARL! *RUN! THIS IS YOUR CHANCE! RUN!...*

RUN... AS YOU *RAN FROM BELSEN*, CARL! *RUN*... AS YOU *RAN ACROSS EUROPE*, FLEEING THE LIBERATING ALLIED ARMIES! RUN, *NOW*, CARL... AS YOU *REFUSED* TO RUN WHEN THAT *MAD WAVE SWEPT OVER GERMANY...SWEEPING YOU ALONG IN ITS BLOODY WAKE!...*



RUN DOWN THE LONG, EMPTY, DESERTED STATION PLATFORM, CARL! *RUN FROM THIS PERSONIFICATION OF THE MILLIONS OF YOUR COUNTRYMEN* WHO *COULDN'T* RIDE THE TIDE *YOU* CHOSE TO RIDE... WHO WERE *CAUGHT* IN ITS *UNDERTOW*...

...WHO WERE *PERSECUTED* AND *JAILED* AND *BURNED IN OVENS* AND *GASSED* AND *BURIED ALIVE* IN MASS GRAVES...



RUN FROM THIS SURVIVOR OF A HUMAN HELL ON EARTH...THIS SURVIVOR OF A GERMAN CONCENTRATION CAMP... *BELSEN CONCENTRATION CAMP*...

WHAT HAPPENED?
I DON'T KNOW! HE GOT OUT AHEAD OF ME AND BEGAN TO RUN!
HE RAN UP THE PLATFORM AND THEN JUMPED UNDER THE WHEELS OF THE TRAIN COMING IN THE OTHER WAY...
EVER SEE HIM BEFORE?
NO! HE...
HE WAS A PERFECT STRANGER...
THE END

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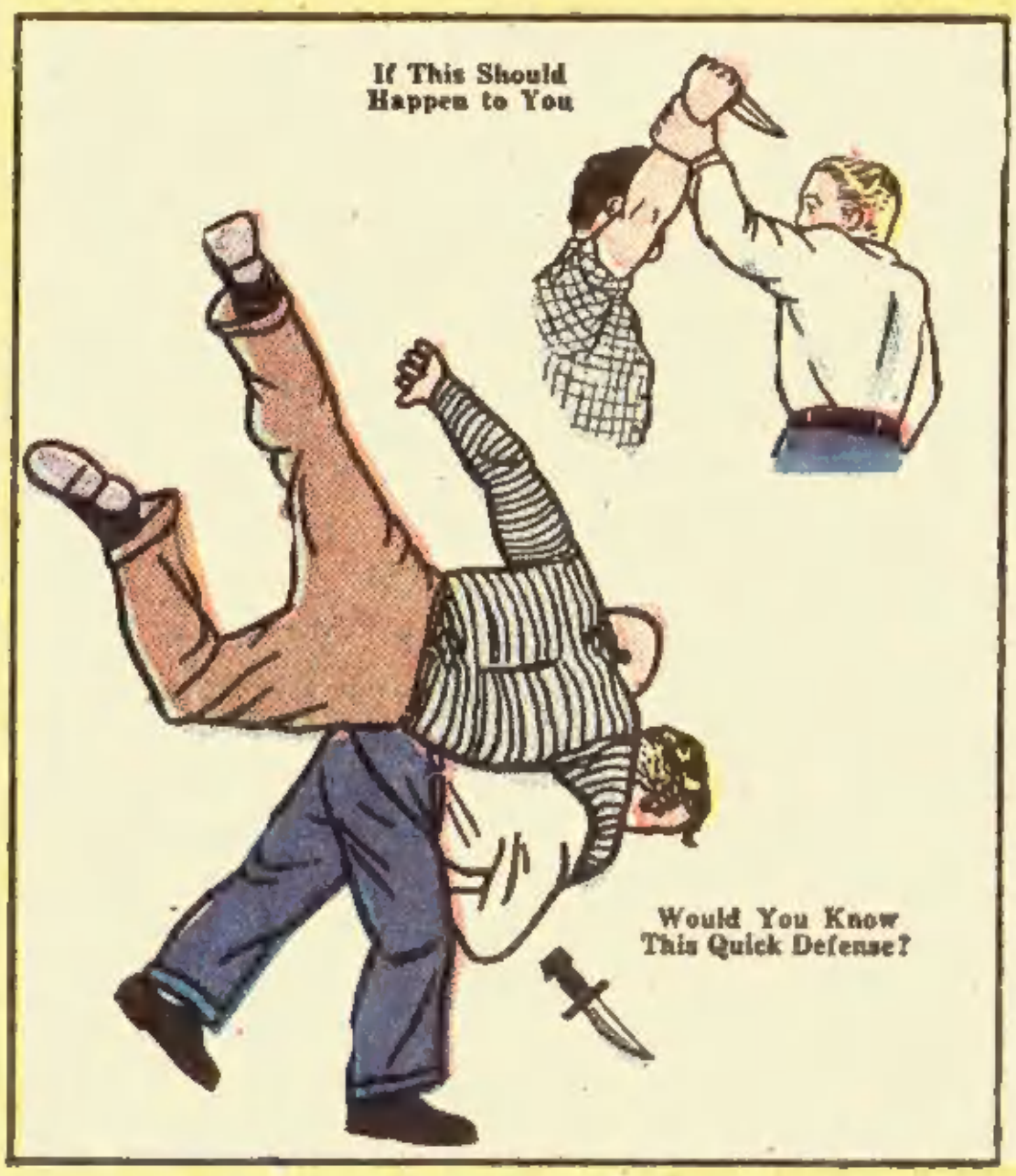

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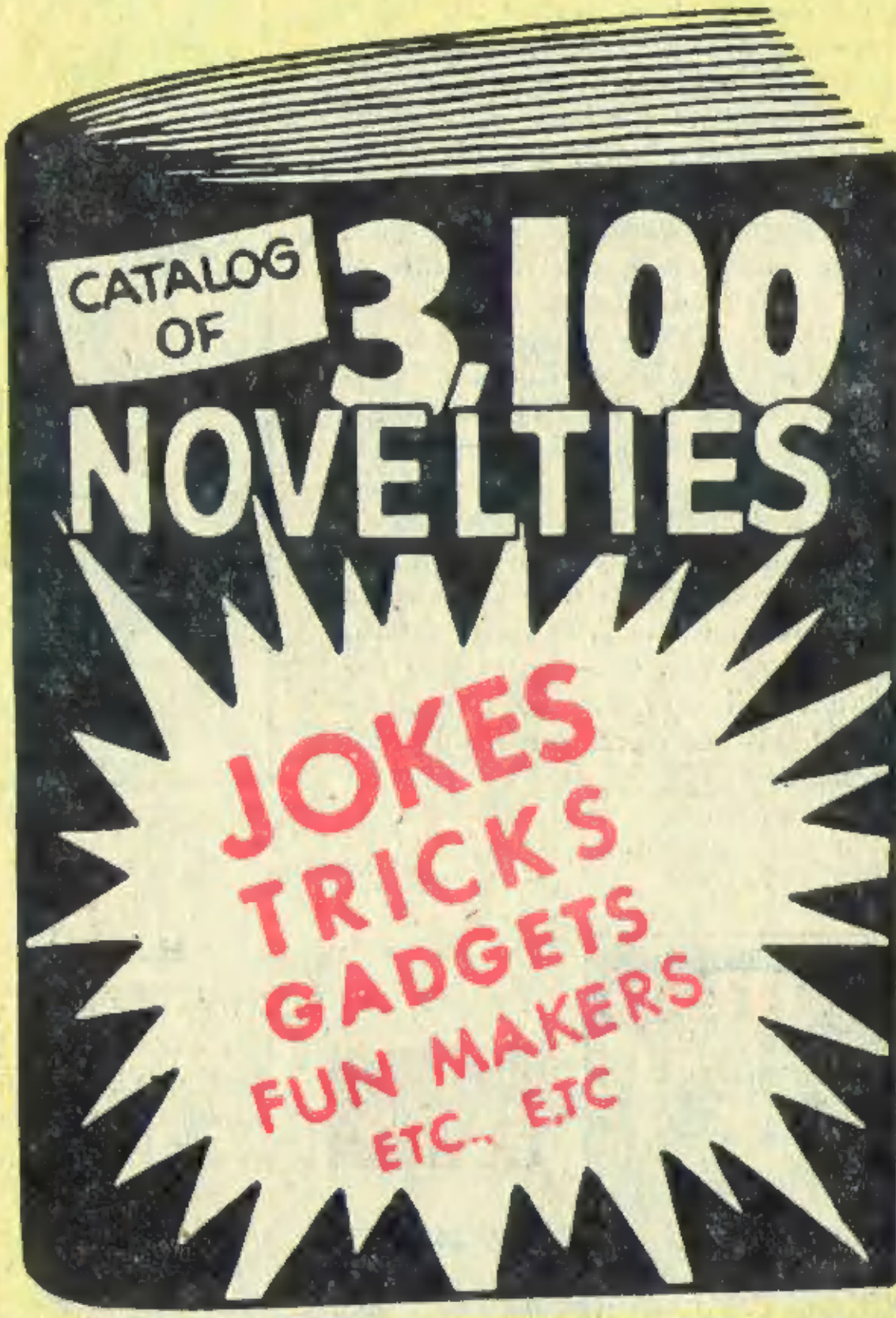

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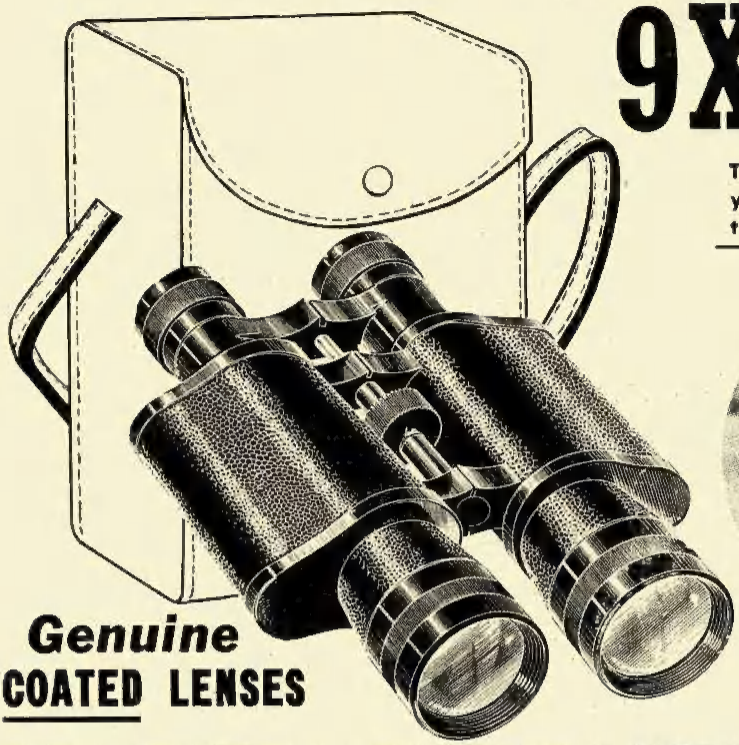

9X AREA MAGNIFICATION!

This is what you see with the naked eye →

↑ This is what you see with the POWERHOUSE ↑

Genuine COATED LENSES

FREE OF EXTRA COST

FINE LEATHER CASE

This magnificent case is truly an achievement of the leather-crafter's art. Made entirely of Supple-Soft genuine leather. Beautifully finished in a golden tan with harmonizing stitching and snap closure. Protects your POWERHOUSE binoculars against rain, dust, grime. Yours ABSOLUTELY FREE of extra cost with your order for the new POWERHOUSE Binoculars with coated lenses!

SAVE $7.00

DIRECT FROM IMPORTER TO YOU

4.98 WITH LEATHER CASE • F.T.I.

SEE UP TO TWENTY MILES AWAY!

Lifetime bargain for readers of THIS AD. **THORESEN**—world's greatest importer of German binoculars—brings you famous, nationally advertised **POWERHOUSE** Binoculars at an unbelievably low price! **NOT** another crude Jap model! **NOT** a toy! **NOT** 4 . . . 5 . . . 7 . . . but **9X AREA MAGNIFICATION!** It's the pride and joy of every red blooded sports enthusiast! Thoresen and only Thoresen brings it direct to you for a mere **4.98.**

TRIUMPH OF GERMAN OPTICAL INDUSTRY

The **POWERHOUSE** is made in Western Germany—world's outstanding producers of quality optics—the finest Cameras, Telescopes, Microscopes and Binoculars. German know-how and superb workmanship are reflected in the many features of the famous **POWERHOUSE.** Here are a few: 1. Great Structural Strength without tiring weight. Only 9¼ ounces in all! 2. Aluminum centre-post focusing gives you over 25 steady positions for sharp viewing. 3. Easy adjustment for close-apart or far-apart eyes. 4. Crisp, modern design gives you easy, firm grip. 5. New streamlined model as illustrated in reduced size above. 6. Jumbo center wheel gives effortless focusing. 7. High luminosity gives you viewing even in moonlight.

Coated, Precision-Ground Lenses for Superb Viewing

The powerful lenses are the crowning achievement of the 90 year old firm. Far different, indeed, from the moulded plastic kind stamped out by the million. The objective lenses are ground and polished to high tolerances, then skillfully COATED! This takes much longer, costs 20 to 30 times more! But it's worth it! You get **CRYSTAL-CLEAR** viewing. Your eyes don't suffer the strain of excessive distortion and ghost images so common in cheap binoculars. Were you to spend $25.00, we could not give you better quality lenses!

Magic of American Dollar Makes This Value Possible

In less than 18 months **THORESEN** has sold close to 500,000 binoculars—making it the greatest importer of German binoculars in the world! This immense volume, plus the magic of the American dollar, enables us to buy at far less—sell for less! Get your **POWERHOUSE** now at our low introductory price of **4.98**, tax paid, including handsome leather case.

SEEING IS BELIEVING! Try Powerhouse at OUR risk!

One look thru the **POWERHOUSE** will convince you of its superb quality. That's why we want to send one to you on **FREE TRIAL** for 5 days. Use it on hunting or fishing trips. Use it at races—on trips—for bird watching. Always have a ringside seat at boxing matches! Then—if you don't think this is the **GREATEST** binocular value of the last 10 years,

LIMITED OFFER! Order at once

Only about 100,000 **POWERHOUSES** can be produced this year, due to the high manufacturing standards. To be fair to all, we are forced to place a limit of **ONE** binocular per reader. Send coupon today to ensure yours!

THORESEN'S

352 Fourth Avenue, Dept. 38-N-6 New York 10, N. Y. CANADIANS: Order direct from our Montreal plant: THORESEN CO., 45 St. James St., West, Dept. 38-N-6 Montreal 1, Que. Same price and guarantee. (No extra for Tariff.)

THORESEN'S, Dept. 38-N-6
352 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N.Y.

RUSH 1 POWERHOUSE with leather case for 4.98, on 5 Day FREE Trial—Money Back guarantee.

☐ 4.98 enclosed. Send all charges prepaid.

☐ Send C. O. D. plus postal charges

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

CANADIANS: Save Tariff. Send orders to THORESEN CO., 45 St. James St., West, Dept. 38-N-6 Montreal 1, Que.

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U-Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions or many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Mottos. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

SEND NO MONEY—*We Trust You!*

HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

Rush your name and address on coupon and we will ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 richly decorated Mottos ON TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Mottos, send the $8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. If you prefer to EARN MONEY, send $6.00 and keep $2.40. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Mottos ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!

FREE!

MEMBERSHIP in the FUNman's Fun Club

EXTRA! Sell mottos and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!

The FUNman, Dept. L-161
4545 N. Clark St., Chicago 40, Ill.

FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG

Please rush to me on credit 24 Religious Wall Mottos, to sell at 35c each. Also include big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 30 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

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STREET or RFD .....

TOWN ..... Zone..... STATE.....

SEND NO MONEY . . . *We Trust You!*